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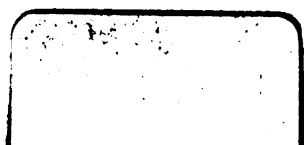
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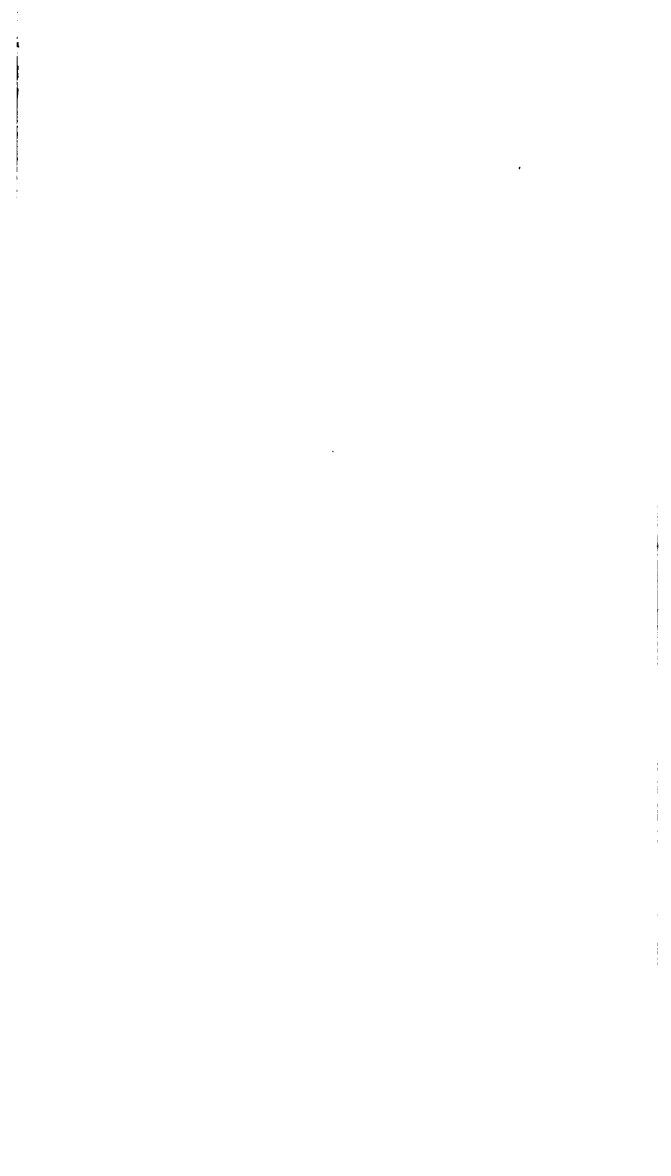
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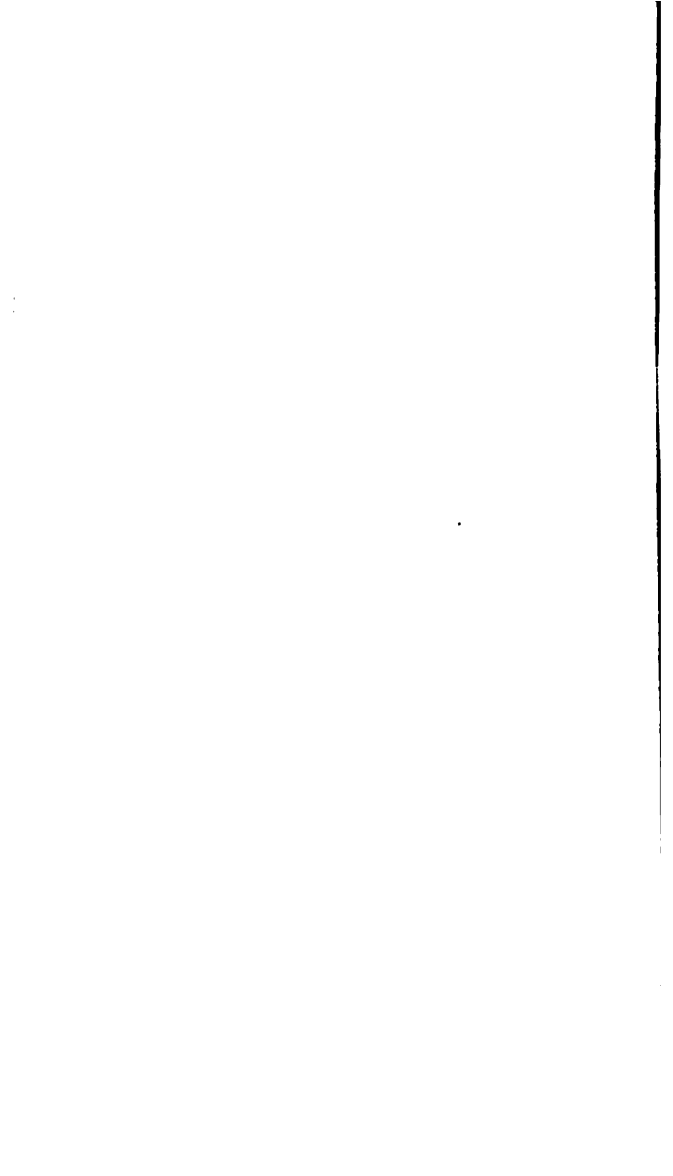
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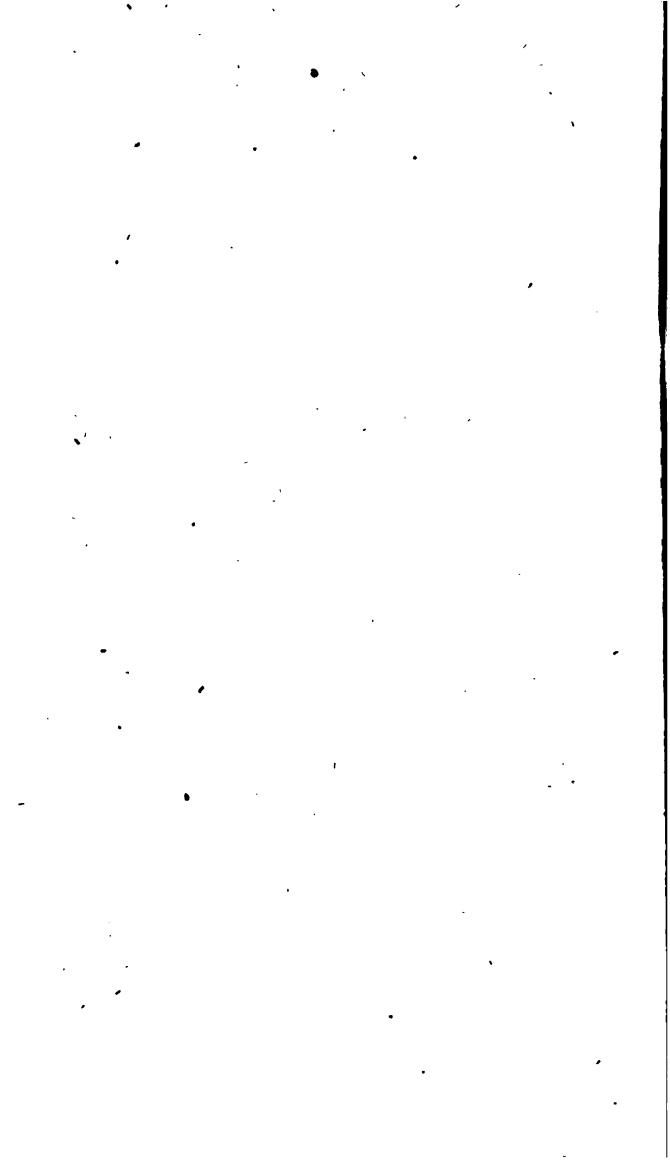




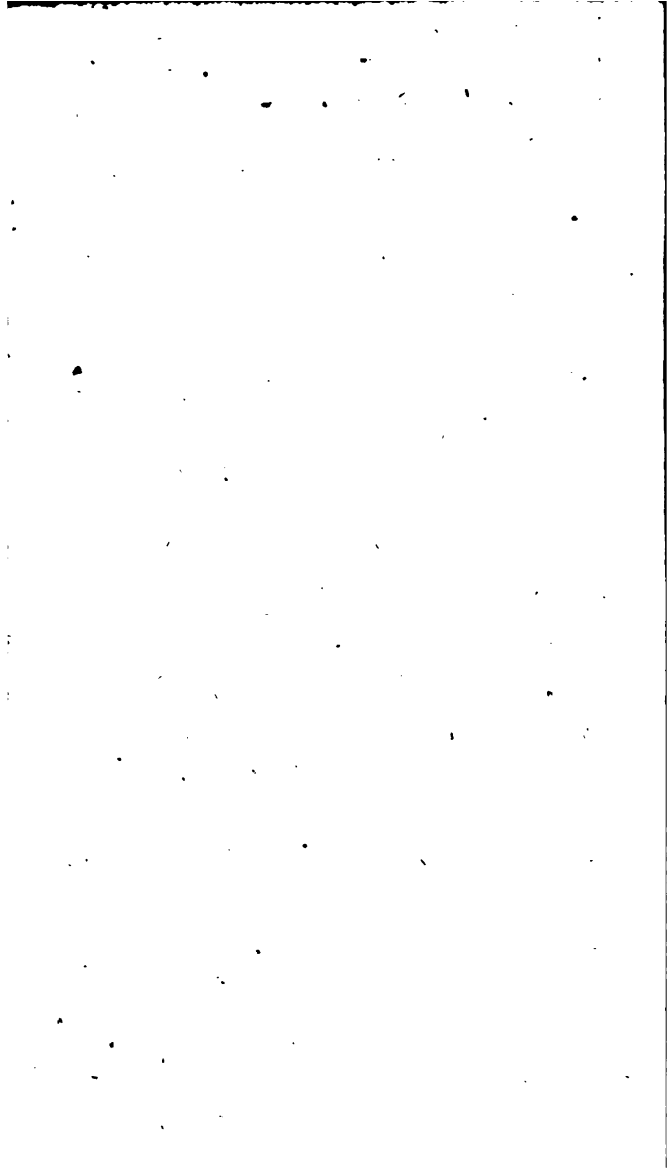


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The Grave on the Will.

Published 15th Dec. 1846. by Richard Phillips, 6, Bridge Street, London.

NOVELLETES.

BY

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

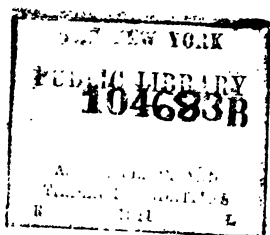
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS, No. 6,
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1807.



*W. Peple, Printer,
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ADVERTISEMENT.

NO apology can be requisite for introducing to the British Public the NOVELLETES contained in these volumes. It will readily be acknowledged by every Reader, that they are worthy of the first Dramatist of his age; and deserve a place beside the similar Works of MARMONTEL, LAFONTAINE, GESNER, or our own GOLDSMITH.

The flight of the Author from Berlin, at the time it was lately entered

by the French armies, and the subsequent interruption of communication with the Continent, has prevented the appearance of one or two other volumes; part of the MS. of which is already in the hands of the Publisher.

London, Dec. 13, 1806.

THE

GRAVE ON THE HILL.

MADAME Birkenhayn was sitting one serene summer's evening with her daughters on a green turf, by the road side leading from Paderborn to Lippstadt. The humbly tiled roof of the dwelling peeped over a knot of trees at no great distance, and the dying rays of the departing sun left a faint glimmer on the spire of the steeple. The swallows twittered; the gnats danced; the insects buzzed; miss Eliza hummed a cheerful tune; miss Charlotte plucked blue flowers out of the corn; while their mother, with downcast eyes, was drawing figures in the dust with her walking stick.

This scene was interrupted by the appearance of an old man, slowly tottering on towards them. His miserable clothing, silver locks, and feeble step, bespoke the compassion of every observer. Charlotte perceived him first, and running to her mother, directed her attention to the unfortunate object. He stood hesitatingly at some distance, casting fearful looks around him, and sending forth a sigh which the evening breeze conveyed to the attentive circle. He then advanced with timidity nearer and nearer, discovering to the ladies a hollow eye, whose dying light announced its approaching extinction. The young ladies gently touched their mother, as if wishing to say, Dear mother, help him ; and the mother's complacent smile returned for answer, With all my heart.

“ May a poor sick man,” said the approaching stranger in broken German, “ here beg one night's lodging ?” The modest request was willingly complied

with ; and the daughters each taking an arm, cautioned him against every stone ; helped him carefully over the narrow bridge of an opposing stream, and conducted him with safety to their abode. Refreshed by a glass of good old wine, he began to recount to them a few of the particulars of his past life. He had formerly lived in abundance, and even in splendour, till the revolution reduced him at once to the condition of an exile and a beggar. His only hope and consolation at present were, that heaven would listen to his prayer, and release him from his sufferings.

Madame Birkenhayn heard him with emotion, and enquired with anxious sympathy the place of his birth. At the mention of Franche Comté her emotion was redoubled ; she asked his name, which, after a moment's hesitation, he declared to be Philibert.

A neat chamber to the east was set apart for him, that he might enjoy the morning

sun. On his rising, he received his breakfast from the hands of miss Eliza, and a rose from miss Charlotte. The evening before, they had conversed with him in German; but now he was agreeably surprised with hearing his native language spoken with a correctness and fluency unusual even among Germans. They led him into the garden, half of which was laid out in the English taste. On a hillock, overshadowed by moss-grown firs, he was attracted by the sight of a tombstone, and an urn, with the simple inscription, "To my Philip;" near which a genius, the masterly production of Doell, was extinguishing a torch. A weeping willow reclined its head over the urn, and let a drop trickle from every leaf. The mourning genius, the gentle rustling of the falling drops, the whistling of the wind in the branches of the firs, and the gloomy twilight in their shade, attuned every heart to pensive sadness. The old man faintly inquired "What does that mean?"

"Our step-brother lies buried here, (replied Charlotte,) who died at the age of ten; my good mother spends hours here in weeping, and on the anniversary of his death she does not leave this mount before the evening."

"Let us go on (said Eliza); it is so melancholy here, we had resolved on not coming to this spot again before the 17th of August; and then only because it is the wish of my mother."

Old Man. But why on the 17th of August?

Charlotte. That is the anniversary of Philip's death, which she usually keeps alone on this mount; but this time we shall bear her company.

Eliza. She says, as we are now grown up, she thinks it her duty to relate her history to us, and will take that day as the fittest for the purpose.

During this conversation, they were returning to the house; and on entering it, they requested him to remain till the time

of dinner, in a room where he would find a choice collection of French books. All he saw and heard in this place excited his astonishment. He had travelled through Westphalia in all directions, and though he had found excellent hams, he had seen neither French books nor cultivated society. At dinner, the conversation on the part of the daughters was in French; the mother, though her manner plainly indicated that every thing was intelligible to her, spoke nothing but German.

Philibert, warmed by this cordial and animating reception, gradually laid aside the diffidence of poverty. He spoke little, but well; and his conversation soon discovered an acquaintance with general topics, and an extensive knowledge of mankind. Madame Birkenhayn appeared purposely to afford him an opportunity of unfolding his principles and opinions, which he did with a frankness which was truly captivating.

When dinner was over, taking him into

her closet, she thus addressed him : " Poverty, sir, is to me always a welcome guest; particularly so in age. Your destiny has much affected me. It matters little to me who you are, whether your loss has been a margravate, or merely a humble cottage. The true gentleman, in other words, the man of a cultivated and polished mind, is still the same through every change of fortune. Such being my sentiments, I trust you will be disposed to pardon my otherwise impertinent solicitude on the subject of your future prospects."—

Mad. Bir. Are you satisfied with our way of living, and will you continue with me?

Philibert. Ah madam! I am on the brink of the grave; and however content I could be to pass the short remnant of my life with you, I have already been burthensome to so many friends, that I would not impose the burthen of my decrepitude upon any human being.

Mud. Bir. My friend, your age demands tranquillity, wholesome food, with those kindly offices which affection and friendship know how to bestow. These would contribute to lengthen your days. Remain with us. Allow me to make your life more comfortable to you. I assure you, that this offer is not altogether disinterested on my part; but is intended also as a remuneration for a favour you have it in your power to grant me.

Phil. What is that?

Mad. Bir. You have seen my daughters. They are good-hearted and affectionate creatures, but perfectly inexperienced in the ways of the world, and what is called the *ton*. Educated in the country, and accustomed to hear the truth from every mouth, because no one has there any thing to conceal, they give as implicit credit to the sycophant compliment of the courtier, as to the morning salutation of an honest peasant. Simple and pure themselves, they judge of

the world by the only standard they are acquainted with—their own simplicity and truth. I tremble for the consequences which may result from this dangerous error. You, sir, appear to be the man who can remove this load of anxiety from my heart. Your venerable years, experience, and benevolent character, joined to a happy mode of communicating instruction, all lead me to hope that you will assist an anxious mother in perfecting the education of her daughters.

A momentary change of colour in Philibert's countenance evinced the emotion of his soul. He gratefully accepted the proposal; though with a sigh, and an expression of regret, that his debilitated constitution would not permit him to do all that his heart would dictate.

Philibert was from this time the constant companion of the two young ladies. He directed them in their choice of books, and was always ready to explain what was difficult, or in any way to aid the deve-

lopement of their minds. All this was done with such an affectionate and fatherly care, that Eliza and Charlotte began to feel a sort of filial attachment to this excellent old man; and listened to his kind instructions with affectionate and attentive reverence. As he had awakened in them an unbounded confidence, every word he uttered was to them as the voice of an oracle.

The reader has hitherto heard nothing of Mr. Birkenhayn; and for this plain reason, because he was a man of whom one can say but little, and that little not greatly to his honour. He was a jolly huntsman, a great connoisseur in horse-flesh, and a lover of ham and pumpnickle*. These, and such things, formed the narrow circle of his enjoyments. On Philibert's introduction to him, he asked him, What became of the royal hounds at the revolution? To which the former

* The coarsest, hardest, and sourest species of rye-bread.

not being provided with an answer, he abruptly closed the conversation, and turned his back upon him. The intelligence of the stranger's having undertaken the education of his daughters, appeared to him a subject for ridicule; but as the matter belonged not to his department, he gave himself little concern about it. He thought it however extremely absurd, that any man should presume himself capable of superintending the education of young women, without being an adept in cookery. The sports of the field prevented his being much at home; a circumstance which was equally agreeable to his family and himself. More, it is not in our power to say of him; nor is it probable, that he will act a more important part in our history,

Six weeks had now elapsed since Philibert found an asylum in this house. The commencement of the seventh was the 17th of August. On this day, which was gloomy and sultry, Mr. Birkenhayn re-

paired earlier than usual to his ordinary diversion, from which he did not return till sun-set. The weeping mother continued invisible, and Philibert dined alone with his pupils, who preserved a solemn silence during the meal.

After dinner the servant brought word that his lady requested their attendance on the mount. Charlotte and Eliza obeyed the summons with trembling expectation; but the modest Philibert preferred staying behind, until a second messenger invited him to be of the party. The mother was seated on the pedestal of the urn, her daughters reclining beside her.

Madame Birkenhayn received the old man with sad but friendly welcome. "Be seated," said she; "your presence is not superfluous. I have destined this day for presenting my daughters with the picture of my unhappy, but guiltless life. They are now of an age to benefit by my melancholy experience; and if my example should ever be present with them in

the choice of a husband, I have not suffered in vain.

“The death of an only and beloved son is not the sole cause of my affliction. On this day,” continued she, with a deep sigh,—“No! this day revives the recollection of all my passed joys. My tears flow to the friendship and happiness of my youth; to love, and my country. Children, respect my grief, and console me with the promise that you will not be guilty of the imprudence of a premature marriage. For you, my dear Eliza, I am less concerned than for Charlotte. You are probably in less danger from your vivacity, than she from her gentleness. I was also fifteen, when like you, I entwined my hair with ringlets of flowers, blended involuntary sighs with the song of the nightingale, and indulged a childish attachment to my favourite rose. In such a state of feeling—of youthful tenderness, love becomes all-powerful; and sad it is to think, that his magic touch can pour-

tray in colours alike vivid and enchanting, the scoundrel betrayer, and the man of worth.

“ At this age a youth addressed me, in whom were united the graces of a fine person and of superior talent. To these he joined a certain air of frolicsome gaiety, which, in my eyes, served to enhance rather than diminish the lustre of his more respectable accomplishments. Marked attention, nature, and vanity, spoke loudly in his favour; and I soon loved him with all the ardour of a first passion. My indulgent and more experienced father shook his head, and with all the solicitude of parental affection, often warned me to beware. In the heat of youthful blood, and in the delirium of youthful fancies, I regarded his wise counsels as the timid cautions of age, and even as the peevish suggestions of querulous dotage. Confident of my charms, and of my own discernment, I did not doubt for a moment my power

over my lover: as little did I suspect his love and truth; and I did not cease my tears and entreaties, till I had obtained my father's consent to a hasty and ill-omened alliance.

“Ye delusive weeks, how rapidly did you pass over! How quickly did the sweet dream of an ardent and reciprocal passion vanish away! Half a year had scarcely elapsed when I could no longer conceal from myself the striking change in his conduct. All the apologies which my inventive love had framed were now exhausted. He was absent for whole days, and often till late at night; and if ever he spent a few hours with me, it was with the obvious sacrifice of his inclinations. In his abstraction, he would give me ill-humoured answers, and return my endearments either with cold civility, or with sullen impatience.

“A busy chamber-maid, my tale-bearer, soon placed it out of all doubt, that the ardour of my once fond husband had

given place to a cold systematic respect, but too often the only privilege which remains to a wife. I had the mortification to see that tenderness which had been exclusively mine, now transferred to every contemptible female who was ambitious of his notice. But what to me at that period was the strangest circumstance of all was, that in proportion as his love declined, his jealousy increased. He was probably conscious of his improper conduct; and feeling how easily I might be revenged upon him, his vanity dreaded a retaliation.

“He would often bring his libertine companions to riot at our table; and during the meals would watch my looks with a solicitude that betrayed his guilty conscience. On such days he usually affected more than ordinary tenderness towards me, in order perhaps to stifle any rising emotions of resentment in my breast.

“Alas! How distant were my thoughts from any thing like resentment! I wept

in silence, avoiding all reproaches, and brightening up my countenance as he entered, with the hope of moving him by my generous forbearance. From novels I had learnt that silent endurance and redoubled tenderness had brought back many a wanderer to the path of virtue. I wished for nothing so earnestly as to catch him once in an act of infidelity; resolving, when he stood before me abashed and appalled, to fall on his neck and grant him my pardon. My imagination was busied for hours together with this phantasy, and I pictured to myself how he would sink repentant on my bosom, and with broken expressions and flowing tears, reward my generosity by the renewal of his affection.

“Accident favoured this chimerical scheme. I chanced to hear one morning of his intention to go, in the evening, to the masquerade, and felt immediately the wish to have an unexpected rencontre with him. I resolved, that if I suc-

ceeded in alluring him, under any disguise, to request a closer interview, to follow him wherever he pleased, even to the most scandalous retirement; in the belief that the protection of my husband would be a sufficient security. This I conceived would be the moment of triumph to my innocence, and to my generosity. I should come face to face with my husband, and flash conviction on his soul.

“The expectation of success gave an additional glow to my cheek; my heart throbbed tumultuously, and my blood thrilled in my veins. But to get intelligence of the mask he intended to wear, was the principal difficulty. Of whom could I enquire? To inveigle his footman to my interest was repugnant to my sense of honour. I was on the point of abandoning my design, when he accidentally entered my room, as he said, to pay me a morning visit; and for the shortness of which he apologized by his

being obliged to go immediately to the masquerade shop to choose his dress.

“ The instant I heard his carriage drive away, I hurried on my cloak ; and hastening down stairs, hired the first coach I could see ; desiring the man to follow my husband’s carriage at a distance, and to stop where he stopped. In a few minutes we reached the street, Saint Honore—”

“ What, madam,” cried Philibert, “ did this scene take place in Paris ?”

“ Yes, sir, I am a native of France—your unfortunate countrywoman ; who has taken all possible pains to forget that language, in which so many fatal flatteries had been uttered to her.

“ My husband’s carriage stopped. I kept back at some distance ; and concealing my face with my handkerchief, saw him go in, and again come out of the shop. His carriage drove off ; and being out of sight, I proceeded to the shop, and alighted under pretext of choos-

ing myself a dress. A great variety lay displayed on the counter, among which was a Turkish mask that the shopman was just going to lay aside.

"Let me see that," said I; "I like it much." "It is not to be had," replied the man; "a gentleman just gone has hired it for the evening."—"Oh dear, that is a pity," said I, in secret exultation; "but let me see it at least." The man with great civility spreading it out before me, I viewed it on all sides, closely observing the colours and other marks; and having thus gained the information I was in quest of, departed in satisfaction.

"In what solicitude did I now await the approach of evening! with eager impatience, looking continually at my watch, and counting the lazy hours. At length it became dark. Being then in the fifth month of my pregnancy, I was under the necessity of choosing a dress that would not betray my situation.

I therefore fixed on the happiest disguise I could find, and was among the first who repaired to the ball. I had not been there long before my Turk entered ; and I instantly followed his footsteps.

“ I must here observe, by the way, that in the convent where I had received my education, the nuns had taught me at their leisure, the art of talking with my fingers ; which, on my entrance into the world, I found to be more generally known among women than I had imagined. During our courtship, I had for the joke’s sake, instructed my gentleman in this art ; who was afterwards very dexterous in saying fine things to me in the presence of troublesome witnesses. What a mortification then for me to see my Turk conversing in this language with a nun ! who, however, appeared to be rallying him ; for he very soon turned hastily from her, and, as I fancied, with some degree of chagrin.

“ Availing myself of this moment, I

plucked him by the sleeve as he passed by me. He cast a glance upon me, and I instantly composed with my fingers the words 'I have watched your dialogue;' upon which he stood hesitating for a moment, as if he did not expect to find any attractions under my inelegant exterior. I had however provided myself with another allurements for his vanity, by wearing in my mouth, as a fastening for the mask, a diamond which I had borrowed of a friend. This, as I expected, caught his attention; and concluding thence that I was a woman of quality, who had assumed that humble attire for the purpose of being unobserved by those whom I did not wish to interest, he made me a gallant reply. A finger dialogue ensued, in which he begged the favour of a secret interview, that he might have it in his power to express his sentiments in a more unconstrained language.

"With trembling fingers I gave my consent. He offered me his arm, led me

in silence out of the hall, and helping me into a sedan, attended me on foot. I trembled like an aspen-leaf; a cold sweat was diffused over me. I summoned my pride in aid of my courage, which was fast deserting me. The reflection—how hard it was, that those endearments so readily yielded to the woman of gallantry, must be thus decoyed from him by the faithful wife!—gave me fresh strength.

“I got out of the sedan at a strange house, in tolerable composure; and followed my Turk through a long and faintly lighted passage, into a room, the door of which he immediately locked.

“The decisive moment was now arrived. He drew off his mask; and conceive my unspeakable horror! it was not my husband! A notorious libertine, whom I had occasionally seen at our house, and whose intercourse with my husband I had often deprecated, hastened with extended arms towards me. I

gave a loud shriek, and sank back into a chair. The diamond falling out of my mouth, and the mask with it, the young man's astonishment at this discovery was no less than my horror.

"Alone—with a debauchee—in a disreputable house, I did not imagine that my humiliation could be aggravated; and yet the measure of my wretchedness was not yet full. Alas! my husband was actually in the same house—room to room; in company with some miserable hireling of pleasure. My lamentable cry drew him near, and perhaps also recognizing my voice, he burst open the door with his foot, and stood suddenly before me. We were all speechless—his lips quivered—his eyes rolled furiously. I was half dead, and was unable to utter a word in my defence.—Like a man in a trance who hears that he is going to be buried, and is unable to move a finger as a sign of life; such was my state of mind.

"My husband first recollected himself,

(if it may be termed recollection,) seized me roughly by the arm, and dragging me nearer to the light, stared me full in the face with the pale visage of rage, and the half-smiling grin of contempt.—Oh ! I shall never forget that horrible look. In a scarcely audible voice, he stammered out the words—“ Madame—you are a bungler at your trade ; this is not the place for such loud cries.” With that he tossed my arm away, made my Turk a scornful bow, and begging him to take care of me, left the room.

“ As soon as he was gone, I burst into tears, and attempted in vain to speak ; for my words were choked with sobs. The young man, though he did not suppose it possible that I could have come to that place for the purpose of an interview with my husband ; conceived, however, from my terror, that I had mistaken the person ; and squeezing me by the hand, affected to envy the happy man to whom I had intended my favours. He la-

mented, that love should deny him the high felicity which accident had so auspiciously thrown in his way; but at the same time assured me, that I might rely upon his honour.

“Every word he uttered was a dagger to my heart. I felt that I had myself given him a licence to address me in such language, and I could only complain, when I ought to have resented. The pride of unsuspected virtue now forsaking me, I conjured him to tell me how he came by this dress? Surprized at the earnest manner in which I put the question, he replied, ‘I hired it at a masquerade shop.’ ‘Where?’ ‘In the street of Saint Honore.’ ‘But this mask was already promised to another.’ ‘To whom?’ ‘To my husband.’

“Pardon me, madame; I was the first who ordered it. I learnt indeed, it is true, that a dispute had arisen about it afterwards; the shopman, in the absence of his master, having let it to a se-

cond gentleman, I know not who; but my prior claim was regarded.'

"I now saw the snare I had laid for myself, and the abyss into which I had wantonly plunged. My agony seemed to affect even my libertine paramour. He retreated within the limits of respect, procured me a hackney coach, handed me in, and then left me a prey to my wretchedness.

"Alas! I fancied myself unhappy some hours ago; and yet I left my house in the joyful expectation of re-entering it by the side of an abashed, but reformed husband, in all the dignity of an irreproachable character, and with the delightful consciousness of a renewed affection. What was I now? A reputed criminal under sentence of condemnation. I heard with trembling apprehension my husband's carriage roll by, and himself shortly after pass on to his chamber.

"The people in the house being in

bed, I ventured to steal softly to his room. He was pacing to and fro with hasty steps. I wished to open the door, and begged him with a gentle voice to let me in ; but received no answer. I supplicated, kneeling on the threshold above an hour, for one moment's hearing ; but in vain ! He continued mute, and at length retired to his closet to be freed from my importunity.

“ Overwhelmed with grief I tottered back to my room, and employed the remainder of the night in giving a plain and unvarnished account of the whole affair, which I sent to him the next morning. My letter was returned unopened. I then tore off the seal ; and forcibly subduing my aversion to any familiarity with domestics, sent it a second time, now open, by my chambermaid. After a long stay, a painful interval of anxious expectation, she returned with a sealed packet, which I opened in trembling haste. I found in it my ornaments which

he had in his care; an assignment for the yearly allowance of two thousand livres, and a note couched in the following terms: 'Your tale is well told; but I know the world, and particularly your sex. Yesterday evening has separated us for ever;—you will never see me again. The enclosed assignment will secure you from want; but never dare to dishonour my name, by giving it to the child of which you are pregnant. I wish you to leave my house this very day, and I will send you a copy of the divorce as soon as I have procured it.'

"This was too much!—Such was the language of the offender to the offended, who, at the most, had been guilty only of an indiscretion. My pride was roused; and the consciousness of unspotted honour dried up my tears. I returned the assignment, and instantly left a house in which my faithful love had been requited with unmerited ignominy. Abandoned by the world, and robbed of my character, I

fled to Holland, and sought an asylum with a good, but indigent uncle, who shared his little pittance with me. There I gave birth to a sickly boy, whose ashes rest in this urn. There also I became acquainted with your father, whose favourable sentiments I undesignedly obtained. My uncle's old age, and my Philip's helpless condition, in case of my death, decided me as to the point of becoming his wife, in defiance of the obvious contrast in our characters. Heaven deprived me of my dear boy, for whom I had voluntarily made this sacrifice; but rewarded me, on the other hand, by the birth of you two. Beloved daughters! your tears afford me consolation. Let my example be a warning. Marry not too early!—Examine before you choose, and if ultimately deceived, endure in secret."

Here ended the narrative of Madame Birkenhayn, who reclined exhausted against the urn. Eliza and Charlotte

looked stedfastly on the ground, and dropped a silent tear. After a few moments' pause of solemn stillness, Eliza turned to press her mother's hand to her lips; when casting a glance at Philibert, who had taken a seat a little behind the urn, she gave a loud shriek. The old man was lying on the ground in a swoon, with his hands convulsively clasped round the pedestal.

The ladies sprang up in the utmost terror. They imagined the sultry heat of the day had overpowered him; or that he was seized with an apoplexy. Assistance was obtained, he was carried into the house, put to bed, and means taken for his recovery. By slow degrees he opened his eyes, and began to revive; as soon as he could stammer a syllable he begged for rest. He was left alone till the evening, when Charlotte carried him some soup; for which he expressed his thanks. She perceived that he had been weeping, and offered to bear him com-

pany; but he refused her offer. "To-morrow then," said she, "I hope I may be the first to enquire after your health;" to which he replied only by a melancholy smile, and a nod of assent.

Charlotte went the next morning on tip-toe, and listened at the door. Finding all still within, she supposed him asleep, and withdrew. Returning, however, soon after, she softly opened the door, and looked about her. The room was empty; there was no one in the bed; nor had there been for some time. The soup remained likewise on the table, untouched. Full of amazement and anxiety, she hastened to her mother. They searched the garden, field, and every conceivable place until noon; but all in vain. There were no traces of him, and all enquiries proved fruitless.

At length a letter, addressed to Madame Birkenhayn, was brought by a lad from a neighbouring village; the contents of which were as follow :

“Death overtook me at the grave of my child; an outcast in his mother’s womb. Forgive me, Adelaide. God has exercised a signal vengeance on me. One consolation I have, that while dying, I received my last morsel from your hands.

PHILIP, Count de Guiche.”

Madame Birkenhayn let the note fall from her hands, flew to the village, and the public house where he lay, and rushed into the room breathless and half frantic. Her eye glanced wildly around. The old man was lying on the ground in a corner—*already dead*. With a piece of chalk he had exerted his last effort to sketch the words

A GRAVE BY MY PHILIP.

Shun even the Appearance of Vice.

A TALE.

I COULD name the country where these incidents happened, and the persons who stand foremost in the history; but as the adventures suit all countries, and may benefit all young women, I shall lay the scene of them in England, and call the heroine Caroline.

Caroline was a beautiful girl of fifteen, who was tenderly beloved by her parents, and by all her playfellows, who did not view her with an eye of envy. She bloomed like an opening rose, but with this difference; that the rose is uncon-

conscious of its loveliness, while Caroline was fully sensible of hers. Whoever could rob a female of this consciousness would give her much more than was taken from her. Her father, who was an honest tradesman, having neither leisure nor capacity to direct her education, consigned this task to her mother, a clever worldly-minded woman, who saw, with delight and pride, the image of her former self, in Caroline; and often with her looks bestowed praises on that person, which she condemned with her lips. Their stile of living was so liberal, that their expences sometimes exceeded the limits of their income. Hospitality was a virtue, which they practised in excess. Her father's business indeed gained much by the beauty of his lovely daughter, by whom hundreds were attracted to the shop for the sole purpose of seeing and conversing with her.

Every man stimulated his genius for the invention of compliments, which he

thought most calculated to flatter her vanity, by extolling her charms. Such compliments often afforded her subjects of entertainment, and sometimes of derision. Although the consciousness of her own attractions never stifled the better feelings of virtue, yet she affected to scorn both the approbation and the censure of the world, and regarded every well-meant counsel or ill-meant insinuation, as alike dictates of envy.

The father died without leaving any provision, either for wife or daughter. The property of a tradesman is like the waters in the spring, which pour down the mountains from all quarters, and vanish, one knows not how. The widow, however, still possessed an annuity sufficient to maintain her and her daughter in retirement; but retirement ill-suited the blooming Caroline, whose fancy luxuriated on the admiration she daily received. It was resolved therefore to remain in London, and to continue their

former business. Their house now became the rendezvous for all young persons of both sexes, who were either prepared to admire, or wished to be admired; and every day brought new triumphs to the beauty of Caroline. Her image smiled in the dreams of amorous youths, and disturbed the repose of envious fair ones, who passed their nights on beds of thorns.

The mother, flattered with possessing a second attraction in her Caroline, encouraged the busy throng that swarmed from all parts to pay their court; rashly exposing the tender plant she had reared to the mildew of flattery, and to the still more envenomed breath of slander. No canker worm, indeed, had yet gnawed at the root of her fair fame, though many a caterpillar had fattened on its yet green and tender leaves. Still the character of the mother was irreproachable, and the reputation of her house unsullied; nor did Caroline while frolicing, unconscious

of evil, in the sunshine of universal adoration, ever transgress in the slightest particular, the boundaries of virtue. Satisfied with possessing real innocence, she was perhaps too indifferent to its illusive exterior.

It is but too true, however, that the offerings so continually made to her vanity, were regarded by her with more complacency than the cold dictates of prudence. For the gratification of her vanity, she inconsiderately exposed her reputation to the ambiguous hints and conceited boastings of every silly coxcomb; or to the significant and malicious insinuations of her less fortunate rivals.

Nature has supplied the want of experience in youth, with the treacherous armour of self-confidence. Caroline saw futurity only in colours of lively hue. Relying on the power of her charms, for insuring her fortune, the constant image which floated, whether she was asleep or awake, in her airy fancy, was a

rich and powerful husband, who could maintain her in splendour.

For some months past, she had been receiving marked attentions from a young baronet. Death, a short time before, had swept away, in regular succession, every branch of his family; and each stroke of the scythe of time had laid an inheritance at his feet. But the accumulated favours of fortune served only to increase his habitual depravity. The blackness of his heart, however, was a circumstance which never entered into the thoughts of the deluded Caroline, or of her fond mother. They were flattered with his attentions, and waited with impatience the moment of explanation. It arrived; but what a moment of disappointment and chagrin! He spoke the language of the debauchee, whom wealth has rendered insolent.

Caroline's contempt, and her mother's indignation, may be easily conceived. They loaded the infamous proposer with

the bitterest reproaches. The dastardly culprit, whom riches had failed to inspire with a manly courage, slunk from the resentment of insulted virtue ; and in suppressed choler, stammering out an apology, hastily took his leave.

Growing bolder, however, on his return home, he renewed his base proposals to Caroline, in a letter filled with the most flattering protestations. Caroline, though she rejected with disdain every offer repugnant to her honour, yet derived food for her vanity in the fulsome compliments of this practiced seducer.

Eager to proclaim this triumph of her virtue, she communicated the incident to all her acquaintance, and even shewed the baronet's letter. But the effect it produced on most persons was very different from what she had expected. Her reputation evidently suffered from this disclosure. Prudent fathers now cautioned their sons against any future intercourse with her ; and cautious mothers

drew a lesson of instruction for their daughters, from her example.

Going one evening to the play, she attracted the attention of a gentleman, by name William Bentley, the son of a rich merchant, who from the moment of seeing her was absorbed in a rapturous gaze. The play, with every object around him, was lost to his intoxicated senses. He eagerly inquired of his friend, if he knew that young lady. To be sure, said he, and I advise you against any farther acquaintance with her. But William felt that the bills which beauty draws are payable at sight, and those of worth and virtue must have long to run. He returned from the play with an arrow in his heart. He retired to rest, and awoke the next morning with the arrow still in its place.

He had no difficulty in gaining admission to Caroline's house. He saw her often, and always withdrew reluc-

tantly. She beheld him with pleasure—a pleasure which increased with every visit. The polish of his manners won the esteem of the mother, and his insinuating gentleness the heart of the daughter. Whether the grace and elegance of his person had any hand in the affair, we shall not pretend to decide. Suffice it, that in a short time the young people were inseparable; and William disclosed that his views were honourable.

It never once occurred to Caroline, that her lover had a father; but this little circumstance did not escape the mother. Although she received his proposals with evident marks of satisfaction, yet she generously exposed to him the narrow state of her circumstances, and her incapacity to add any pecuniary embellishment to the beauty and virtue with which nature had adorned her daughter. She advised him therefore by all means

first to obtain the consent of his father; when she should be proud to receive him as her son-in-law.

William was too well aware of his father's rigour and avarice, and knew too well his favourite maxim,—that love was a capital whose interest was hunger and tears—to flatter himself with any success on that head. Still, he had too much at stake not to venture the proposal. He paid his father a visit for that purpose, and met with a reception which fully justified all his apprehensions.

Caroline's suspicious reputation had not reached the old man's ears; nor was this the first object of his consideration. He no sooner heard the state of their finances than his resolution was unalterably fixed. In vain did William fall on his knees, and appeal to the iron chest of gold which stood in the corner. The hard-hearted parent put an end to the interview with these words :

“ Out of my sight, headstrong boy !
Fly to your beauty ; love her ; worship
her ; marry her ; hate her ;—it is all one
to me. You shall never have a penny
from me, living or dying. But what of
that ?—You are the hero of a romance—
you take a wife so beautiful, so tender, so
languishing !—You will be hungry and
thirsty with her, and feel no inconvenience !
Such is the ardour of your passion,
that even in winter you may go
naked, without feeling cold !”

“ Ah, my father ! were you in my
place you could not resist so much loveliness.”

“ Of course.”

“ I cannot be quite sure of this ;—but
that is my opinion.”

“ Were I a fool, like you, I might be
laughed at, as much as I laugh at you.”

“ Only another word—”

“ Proceed—I allow one single word—
fortune ?—”

“ But beauty, virtue, sense—”

“ Let us see !—beauty, is merely a lifehold. When the beauty dies, as it always does, young,—the rent ceases. Virtue, is in truth a good capital ; but the interest is wanting. Sense, she has not ; otherwise she would have laughed at you for a beardless boy.”

With these words he turned his back on his son, and left him standing in the stupor of despair.

When Caroline's mother heard the result of the interview, she pronounced the necessity of an immediate separation.

“ Never !” was the exclamation of both —“ Death only can divide us !”

“ Obey your father. To him you owe existence, and every thing in this world—”

“ But love and happiness.” With this he folded Caroline in his arms. Reason vainly opposed its feeble efforts to arguments so irresistible. It is with love as with fear. Those who are infected with it obstinately reject all anti-

dotes. The good mother was satisfied with obtaining a promise from the lovers to see each other seldomer, and patiently to await a more favourable opportunity.

Seldom see! and patiently wait! What hard terms for lovers!—William had hitherto spent his evenings with Caroline; but now he found it most convenient that their interviews should be in the morning, before the mother had risen.

Caroline commonly spent the mornings at her harpsichord. The first time William intruded on her solitary amusement she began to scold, and would seemingly have dismissed him; but he found her in a graceful undress; refreshed by the balmy power of sleep, her countenance glowing with youthful health and blooming beauty. His full and eager eye also flashed the ardour of his soul. She bad him be gone; yet held him fast by the hand.

Caroline informed her mother at breakfast of William's visit; which being this

time considered as accidental, was passed by without much notice. His second and third visits were also mentioned; upon which her mother, with a mixture of concern and displeasure, censured her daughter's disregard of her character, and expostulated with her in terms of great earnestness. "You know," said she, "that our neighbours are spies upon your conduct, and will be eager to give it the most unfavourable construction."

Caroline felt this, too, and would willingly have been spared the painful alternative of disobliging either her mother or her lover.

The next time he came she was silent. The struggle betwixt love and filial obedience forbad all utterance. Several times the parental command hung on her tongue, ready to be proclaimed; but the tongue would not disobey the heart. At the moment she was going to forbid his visits, he sealed her lips with a kiss.

In short, he now visited her week after week and month after month, unknown to her mother. During one of those conversations, in which the understanding is hood-winked by passion, he hinted at a secret marriage. At first, she heard the proposal with evident marks of displeasure; but by degrees with greater composure, and finally with approbation. One morning, therefore, she suffered herself to be led by William out of her mother's habitation to the church, and an hour after she returned—Mrs. Bentley. Her good mother was shocked at the intelligence, and lamented with bitter tears her daughter's indiscretion. She pardoned her children, indeed, who embraced her knees with feigned tears of repentance; but notwithstanding her apparent reconciliation, secret grief preyed upon her heart. She reproached herself for her indulgence, and looked with horror on the gloomy futurity which threatened to overwhelm her child in

inevitable ruin. Nature at length sunk under the weight of affliction; she caught a cold, which terminated in a fever, that carried her off in a few days.

Caroline felt the severity of her mother's loss with undissembled sorrow; though the affection of her husband soon dried up her tears. Still, her death was a serious evil to them. The annuity, on which alone they depended for support, ceased with the mother's life; and the leaden wing of want hovered over the mournful dwelling. Yet Contentment, with her cheering sun-beams, visited the abode of her sister Love.

Caroline, accustomed to a well-provided table—to a choice of delicacies—was now obliged to sit down with her husband to a frugal meal of potatoes; but when the repast was over, could yet cheer him with a sprightly song. The vain Caroline—she, who formerly vied even with her superiors in the fashionable gaiety of her dress, was now compelled to wash

for herself the only white gown which encircled her graceful form. And when the eye of William was turned upon her in compassionate tenderness, she would strive to divert his gloom by a joke, and by a bewitching sportiveness, would sometimes sprinkle him with the suds. But William's heart was racked with anguish. The more content, the more resolutely happy did *she* appear; the more acutely did *he* feel the hardships she was constrained to endure.

In this extremity he resolved to risk one more application to his father, in the hope that he might yet soften his heart. If this scheme should fail, he determined to exert every effort to relieve their present necessities. He addressed a letter to his father, in which, with the humblest expressions of filial obedience and affection, he confessed the imprudent step he had taken, and implored his forgiveness. The father, on reading the confession, tore the letter in pieces; and foam-

ing with rage, sent his son his curse, by way of reply, forbidding him his presence for ever.

But at the moment when the storm of adversity gathered thick around, and threatened to overwhelm him, he found an unexpected deliverer in his uncle—a man less wealthy in the goods of this life than the father; though far richer in the feelings of humanity. He compassionated the distress of his nephew, and generously shared with him his little property.

William was now in circumstances to commence a small trade, to which he devoted himself with such diligence and success, that soon he felt himself capable of indulging somewhat in speculation.

Finding, in the course of his commercial transactions, that a voyage to the Levant was likely to be attended with considerable advantage, he took a neat apartment for his wife, in the house of a widow; and leaving her what money he

could spare, tore himself from her in an agony of affection.

When Caroline lived poor and happy with her husband, she forgot those gaieties to which she had been accustomed. But now that she was left to herself, and was liberated from the occupations of cooking, washing, copying letters, and writing bills for her dear William, she grew weary of her situation, and felt her former attachment to gay company and mirth revive. The consideration of the imprudence of her appearing at public places without her husband was stifled by her vanity. "Do I not love my husband?" said she; "Does not his image continually float before my eyes; and do I not carry in my heart the consciousness of my virtue? Why then should I regard the clamours of calumny, or the innuendos of malignity?"—Thus she scorned the golden rule—"Shun even the Appearance of Vice."

She flew to the theatre, to Vauxhall,

and to Ranelagh; danced and chatted; permitted the attentions of the men, and listened to their flattering tales. It is true, she simply amused herself with these things; but it is also true, that she frequently returned home towards morning, sometimes with her cheek flushed from the gay exercise of dancing; at other times, pale and wan from nocturnal watching.

The street in which she lived was inhabited by honest, industrious people; who kept regular hours, and regarded all who turned night into day as suspicious persons, if not actually bad. The greengrocer, when setting out for Covent-garden, often shook his head at the fishmonger, who was going to Billingsgate; and pointed significantly to Caroline, as the hackney coachman was knocking at the door.

The honest widow with whom she lodged was not the last to be scandalized at her conduct. Her conscience prompt-

ed her to remonstrate in a friendly manner with Caroline on the impropriety of her way of living. Accordingly, putting on a clean apron and cap, she repaired to her apartment, and found her but just risen.

“ Good morning, dear madam—I hope you will not take it amiss, that I come to speak a few words concerning yourself. I will not keep you long. I know that you are a good honest lady, and that you love your husband. Of that I am quite certain, by the leave you took of him when he went away. Dear me ! it was enough to have melted the heart of a stone ; and I am sure it melted mine. I can’t bear to hear the people saying all sorts of ill-natured things of you ; such as *should* not come out of *my* mouth. Do you think (said I) that a beautiful young lady is not to enjoy a little pleasure ? We have been ourselves young once ; and as for virtue—it is as bright and clean as a new guinea. But it is like talking to the

wind. Dear madam ! bad people judge by *appearances*. They say an honest woman stays at home when her husband is gone beyond the seas, because she values her good name as much as her virtue itself ; therefore I come to beg of you, dear madam, and hope that you will pardon my freedom, if I beg you not to give them cause for their slanderous speeches ; but to be patient 'till your husband comes home ; and when you are dull, come down and sit with me, or I will come up and sit with you. Besides, I have a great number of religious books and others ; all which are at your service."

Here the landlady ended her harangue ; but she was by no means so satisfied of Caroline's innocence as she wished to insinuate, having on the contrary strong suspicions to her discredit. Yet fearful of offending, her uncorrupted heart taught her to speak with a delicacy which was entitled to more attention and for-

bearance from Caroline, than it received.

Caroline had not slept well, and was in a bad humour. The consciousness of her virtue made her proud. She was unaccustomed to such admonitions; even from her mother; and was now ill prepared to listen to them patiently from an ignorant landlady. She told her therefore, with a mixture of scorn and pride, that "she was obliged to her for her good intentions, but did not wish to be troubled in future with any similar remarks." The good woman sighed and left the room, secretly resolving to give William warning to quit immediately on his return.

At length he arrived, after an absence of ten months, and had made a successful voyage. The desire of improving his fortune, carried him to the Levant; he returned on the wings of love. He found his Caroline faithful—beautiful and tender as ever; and the first days

of his return were spent in perfect happiness.

But one morning, as he was going out on business, the mistress of the house requested him, with an air somewhat embarrassed, to suit himself with an apartment elsewhere. William was astonished at the extraordinary request, for which there was no apparent reason. He begged to be informed of her objections to him as a lodger. On which the good woman, unwilling to cause him uneasiness, alledged a number of trifles, which manifestly concealed something more important. He then urged her closely on the point ; and she confessed, that as both in the lifetime of her husband, and particularly since his death, she had kept a quiet and orderly house, she could not now bear to have lodgers who turned night into day.

William, petrified with amazement, stood pale and motionless, while he heard the detail of Caroline's proceedings. A cold shiver seized his frame ;

his heart palpitated with alarm, and a tear started in his eye—he gasped for breath. At length, he rushed out of the house, to conceal his perturbation from the landlady. He found relief from the air; and recollecting himself, exclaimed—“What! Do I venture my life for the sake of procuring conveniences and comforts for a woman, who in my absence, sports with her own health and my honour!”

Disturbed by these maddening reflections, he was unable, on his return home, to meet the affectionate and unsuspecting Caroline with his accustomed ardour and tenderness. His brow, indeed, had ceased its forcible contraction; but the wounds in his heart were still open. Caroline was too unapprehensive to observe any change in her husband, and too delicate to make any enquiries which might betray suspicion.

Some time after, his business, which grew daily more important, required his

absence on a second voyage. The thought of again leaving his young and beautiful wife in the eddy of the world, tore open afresh the wound which had scarcely begun to close.

Although he felt it impossible to make known to her his apprehensions, his jealousy made him stoop to the dishonourable measure of constituting the landlady a spy upon her conduct. The good landlady, however, was with difficulty prevailed upon to yield to his request; and was at length overpowered by his earnest and reiterated entreaties. She then consented to regard Caroline in the light of her own daughter, whose innocence she was consequently bound to protect.

William, oppressed by the idea of parting, and by the still more weighty consideration of his wife's possible conduct, during his absence, took leave of her with tears of anguish. But at this trying moment, when the interchange of hearts was, as it were, renewed, he could not refrain

(though in the most delicate manner) from giving her a caution.

“Live retired, my dear Caroline,” said he, “not to preserve your virtue, which in my heart is raised above all suspicion; but from prudential motives relative to my father. You know how faint a hope I have of ever being reconciled to him, who notwithstanding watches all our steps, and is eager to find some justification for his cruelty. Do not put arms into his hands, which he may use to our injury.”

This was delivered with a tenderness that made the deepest impression on Caroline’s mind. She resolved to live quite retired and solitary during her husband’s absence, and kept her resolution. In a few weeks she perceived symptoms of pregnancy, which rendered this sacrifice the easier. She never left the house, but for the purpose of a morning walk, and for the sake of her health. When the weather was not perfectly fine, or

she felt herself indisposed, she staid alone in her room, contemplating with delightful anticipation, the return of her husband, and his proud joy on becoming a father.

One morning, while abroad for a walk, she was suddenly overtaken by a shower of rain, which she attempted to escape by running with her utmost speed to a stand of coaches. A young lady who was stepping into her carriage, saw Caroline's distress; and in a friendly manner requested permission to set her down at her own house. The dress of the lady was simply elegant, and her deportment modest and interesting. Caroline, therefore, willingly accepted the invitation, and skipping into the carriage, informed her where she lived.

During the ride, the lady enquired in a delicate manner into the situation and name of Caroline; and having learnt that her husband was absent, informed her she was in a similar situation, her husband

being gone to France to collect some debts. She hoped, however, the next letter she received would bring her the permission to accompany him in his travels.

The time thus passed quickly on in conversation, till their arrival at Caroline's door. On alighting, she politely thanked the lady, and begged the favour of her card. She received one, on which was written — Mrs. Reynolds, Grosvenor-street.

On Caroline's entering the passage, she observed as she passed, that her landlady, who was standing at the parlour door, muttered something; and then, going in hastily, banged the door after her with violence. But by the time Caroline had reached the top of the stairs, her recollection of this circumstance was effaced.

Conceiving herself obliged by politeness to pay Mrs. Reynolds a visit, she was received by that lady in an elegant apartment, and with a polite and even

friendly familiarity. After tea, they amused themselves at the window, in ridiculing the passers by; among whom was an elderly gentleman, in an old fashioned wig, and a brown great coat. He heard them laugh, stopped, looked attentively, and discovered by his manner, surprise and indignation. He gave a contemptuous sneer and passed on. Caroline marked the old gentleman's conduct, and was at a loss to explain it; but concluded him to be some person whom Mrs. Reynolds had offended.

On taking leave of her new friend she obtained her promise to return this visit, which she accordingly did a few days after; informing her, at the same time, that having received the expected letter from her husband, she was come that evening to take leave of her, before she set out on her journey.

After this interview Caroline heard no more of Mrs. Reynolds; and was now left to contemplate in solitude the return

of her husband, and the birth of her child.

Nine months had now elapsed, and no sign of delivery appeared. The landlady, who was an experienced woman in such matters, but had never read Buffon's Natural History, began to shake her head. The tenth month passed also without the expected event. Caroline herself began to be alarmed, having never heard of more than nine months as the usual time of gestation ; but her unsuspecting disposition and conscious innocence would have made her indifferent to this matter, if the idea of William's possible suspicions had not occasioned considerable uneasiness.

At the commencement of the eleventh month, Caroline was delivered of a fine girl, quickly recovered, and bloomed again as beautifully as ever. She delighted herself with suckling the little infant, and still more with the idea of William's joy and surprise at so unexpected a sight. The

only thing which concerned her, was the coolness of her landlady, and the hints she had dropped concerning the late birth of the child; but she resolved on not informing William of every particular, unless he should make very particular inquiries.

The day of William's return, which she had so anxiously anticipated, at length arrived. The delight of again meeting his Caroline, and the pleasing wonder at seeing his babe, stifled every suspicion; he pressed her with rapture to his breast, and shed tears of joy over the cradle of his daughter. It never occurred to him to ask the age of the child, and still less to question the landlady concerning his wife's conduct. He even flattered himself with the hope that this innocent creature might be the instrument of reconciliation between him and his father. The old man being now dangerously ill, no time was to be lost. On communicating

his project to Caroline, she heartily concurred in his dutiful wishes.

Warmed with the delightful idea, and the method of realizing it, he proceeded down stairs with the intention of going directly to his father's house. The landlady happened to be standing at the door; and as he hastily wished her a good morning, and was about to pass her, she gave him a significant wink to enter the parlour. William, with some impatience, complied; requesting her to be as short as possible.

"Short, dear sir," said Mrs. Smith, "I can be as short as you please. You asked me to look after the conduct of your wife; and I think myself in duty bound to tell you what I think; perhaps you mayn't thank me for it neither, when I have done. You are deceived, shamefully deceived. I am sorry to say it; but no christian child was ever born at eleven months. Your wife, soon after you were

gone, became intimate with a common woman of the town ; and when *that* and *that* are put together, I hope *that* is short enough, sir."

William was chilled with horror. His knees trembled, his lips quivered, he stood amazed and petrified—leaning on the back of a chair, and staring unconscious at Mrs. Smith. The blood rushed from his cheek to his heart, and he sunk to the floor in a swoon. Mrs. Smith ran, in the utmost alarm, for hartshorn ; and sighing deeply, repented of having spoken thus freely ; and wished she had left Caroline's punishment " to God and her own conscience."

William revived only to become a prey to the furies. In the phrenzy of his passion, he would have run up stairs, and murdered the faithless hypocrite ; but the landlady clung round him, and conjured him to be pacified.

The tumult of his feelings having a little subsided, tears flowed to his relief.

“So this is the reward,” said he, “for all my love? I have laboured incessantly, day and night; twice have I ventured on the tempestuous ocean. She has torn me from the arms of my family; she has brought upon me the curse of my father—O! perhaps at this very moment he dies with a curse against his unfortunate son! Fly! Fly to his feet! lest the serpent should poison even his last blessing.”—Thus, loudly lamenting his fate, he flew to the house of his father, staggered up the steps, and knocked with a trembling irresolute hand at the door. It was opened by a servant in tears. “My father is dead.”—The servant shook his head in token of assent. William was unable to ascend the stairs; but leaning on the balustrade, wept bitterly. His good uncle, who had formerly been his friend in need, now approached to comfort him. With difficulty he persuaded him to go in to the room, where the family was assembled to hear the will read. His

cousins and aunts looked at him as he entered; but could scarcely recognize him in his present disguise, with his hair dishevelled, his look wild, his countenance pale and ghastly. He stared unconsciously around, but spoke to no one. His uncle brought him a chair; he sunk into it; and putting his right hand into his bosom, covered his face with the left.

The will was read; but he heard not a word. As it was nearly finished, he happened to look up and cast his eyes on a portrait of his mother, which hung opposite, and appeared to smile upon him. At this affecting sight he wept aloud; and his uncle supposing his grief to arise from his father's having left him only a single shilling, endeavoured to afford him some consolation.

“Think, my dear William,” said he, “what cause your father had for taking the severe step he has done, having been made a subject of ridicule in the public

street, by your wife and a common strumpet, the very last time he went out of door."

William started up in an agony of despair,—“ Save me, my dear uncle !—Save me from this infernal woman !”

His uncle strove to assuage his grief by every soothing art ; and advised him to separate entirely from his wife. William, who was now sunk to a state of childish helplessness, implicitly obeyed his uncle in all things ; and followed him mechanically to his house. From this stupor he was occasionally roused to a state of frenzy, little short of complete madness. By the advice of his uncle he penned a note, in cold and bitter terms, to Caroline, in which he declared his resolution of separating from her for ever. As soon as he had dispatched it, his uncle, with affectionate violence, carried him into the country.

On William's leaving his own room, Caroline had cheerfully suckled her child,

and put it to sleep. She went afterwards to prepare something for his supper, and found the servant there who had brought the note. She was humming a merry tune to herself, as the man put the paper into her hand, and instantly departed.

She opened it, read a few words, and sunk lifeless on the floor. No one came to her aid. When her senses at length returned, she crawled to her chamber, and wept over her sleeping babe. Night came, but sleep fled; the morning found her in a high fever. Tears were her only food; and her infant drew blood instead of milk from her exhausted breasts. Thus she lay with no other attendance than what an old servant could give her. She refused alike all sustenance and medical aid. The innocent infant soon partook of her bodily sufferings; but the agonies of her mind could be felt only by herself.

Ten days she languished on the bed of despair; and ten gloomy days were spent by William in the country. He then re-

turned to town, in the same deplorable state of feeling in which he had left it. His old uncle had in vain exerted every effort to alleviate his sufferings.

William, though convinced of his wife's guilt, could not endure the thought of leaving her quite destitute, lest she should thence derive a pretext for continuing in her abandoned course. He was also anxious to extort, if possible, the confession of her infidelity from her own mouth; and accordingly requested his uncle to go and inform her, that her husband was willing to allow her a maintenance.

On his entering her room, he found the image of death stamped on her anguished countenance, and her infant sleeping by her side. When she heard that William's uncle was there, she collected the feeble remnant of her strength, to attest her innocence. The good old man was aware, that though people in the vigour of health and in the sunshine of

prosperity, may fail to speak the truth; yet, that a death-bed is a place for unfolding the secrets of the heart. Every word which Caroline uttered, went as a dagger to his soul. She explained every thing in a manner so satisfactorily, as to leave no doubt of her innocence in his mind; but he plainly discovered the snare into which her levity had beguiled her. He endeavoured to speak peace, comfort, and hope, to her broken spirit; but hope had for ever fled from the soul of Caroline. The only wish she now expressed, was, that she may have an opportunity of testifying with her dying breath her innocence to her husband, and press him once more to her heart.

The uncle wrote on a slip of paper—
“Your wife is innocent; hasten to her, and, by your presence, save her life, or comfort her in her last moments.”

William hastened—he flew; but alas! he came too late! Caroline’s soul had de-

parted!—William became deranged, and ended his days in a private mad-house.

The uncle adopted and educated the infant as his own ; often warning her, by the fate of her mother—

To shun even the Appearance of Vice.

: THE
GUARDIAN ANGEL.

POOR Jean Renaud ! Thy fate was no better !

Wearied with hunting, I seated myself on the trunk of a tree, and cast my eyes down on an ant-hill, where the busy crowd were swarming close at my feet. As a survey of a million of ants with a glance is equally difficult for our narrow capacities, as that of a million of human beings ; I selected one of the busiest from the throng, and followed his movements with my eye.

Look not down so proudly, O man, from the puny height on which thou standest ! Perhaps some being, much

more thy superior, is casting an eye of compassion on thee, whom he has singled out from the ant-hill which thou callest the world.

At a short distance from the heap, my little animal had found the dried skin of some insect, with which it was hastening homeward, as quick as its load would permit. Its prey slipt several times from its feeble grasp; but the ant caught it as often. The prickles of a fir-twigg impeded its course, and it made a circuit to avoid them. When it had toiled up the summit of a mole-heap which reared its head on high, it was carried down again with a fragment of mould that had broken loose. It worked its way out of the rubbish and completed its fatiguing journey a second time, when a heavy shower threatened to overwhelm it in the flood. After patiently wading through the streams that flowed from the blades of grass, it finally reached the borders of its republic, when a hound came running with its stupid

friendliness towards me, and trod my diligent and unfortunate ant into the dust.

Unhappy man! with what patience and industry dost thou drag thy insect's skin through rugged paths, with the hope of reaching the land of peace in thy old age! and whilst the goal is in view, thou art snatched away by death, who treads the fruits of half a century into the dust.

Poor Jean Renaud! Thy fate was no better!—He was a merchant from Brest; who, in his childhood, was rocked in the cradle of ease, though destined to be tossed about in the stormy ocean of life. The frost of poverty nipped in their bud the vernal pleasures of his youth. Corroding care and hard labour spread a pallid hue over that face where love should have planted the rose of health; and dimmed the lustre of the eye, which should have beamed with rays of joy. The assaults of envy, which

at the outset attempted his ruin, he was able to repel; and was patiently working his way up the rugged hill laden with his hard-earned spoils, when the bankruptcy of a faithless friend plunged him again into the depth of misery.

He struggled courageously against the shocks of fortune, and courageously struggled to work his way through the ruins, under which he was buried; but the desolating storm of war arose and threatened to overwhelm him. His faithful wife, who for twenty years had shared his calamities, was at length obliged to give up the contest, to throw her burthen upon the shoulder of her husband, and retire to rest.

Weary as the ploughman on the Saturday evening, Jean Renaud threw himself on his bed, to slumber into the Sunday of a better existence. He was already at that gate, which has nothing terrible about it but the porter—the Angel of Death had already beckoned

him in; but before he consented to enter, he turned to his two children, and with the last tear glistening in his eye, said, "My honest Philip—my dear Eliza, I leave you nothing but a good name, and this little hut in which you were born. You, my son, bear in mind the industry and integrity of your father. You, my daughter, remember the virtue of your mother. May the love and harmony of your parents be ever present with you both. Be you, Philip, the guardian of your sister; and you, Eliza, your brother's kind assistant. Lay your hands in mine, which are now cold, and promise me that piety, virtue, and fraternal affection, shall ever be your attendants."

They laid their hands in his, and mingled their tears with the cold sweat of death which bedewed his forehead. Before their trembling words could find an utterance, their exhausted parent passed the gate; when behold! the face of the

porter relaxing into a smile, he stretched out the extinguished torch, and it kindled into an eternal flame.

The abandoned orphans stood locked in a close embrace, and the dumb silence of sorrow. Eliza clung to her brother as a child to its nurse. Philip remembered the last words of his father, and his breast swelled with a noble courage that bid defiance to the assaults of fortune.

They lived almost a whole year in the cordial, contented, and quiet seclusion of Goëthe's brother and sister. Eliza rivalled Cicero's mother in domestic economy, though she had no wine-flasks empty or full to seal;* and her brother, attentive to every trifling gain, seemed resolved that his farthing should become a penny; and his penny a pound. He too, like Goëthe's William, was pleased with the old cheesewoman, who, with spectacles on her nose, and her candle's end, lays piece after piece into the scale, putting

* See Middleton's Roman History, Vol. I. p. 2.

to and taking from it until her customer is properly served. But, the frowns of fortune which had clouded the days of his father, threatened to embitter his.

Adjoining to the little cottage, their humble patrimony, stood a barn of hemp, in which one stormy night a fire broke out; and Philip and Eliza were roused from their sleep by the flames consuming their habitation. In the bare covering of the night the terrified Eliza ran into the street, supplicating assistance; but all, absorbed in the consideration of the greater danger, were deaf to her entreaties. While occupied in saving the stores of hemp, no one regarded the wretched hut. Philip lingered for a time under the burning roof, to secure his papers at least, until the crashing of the beams obliged him to seek his own safety in flight. He went in search of his sister, and found her crying aloud and wringing her hands; he himself beheld

in speechless agony, the flames devouring his little all.

A stranger enveloped in a white mantle several times passed the unhappy pair, and heard Philip's first words uttered in the gloomy coldness of despair,—“compose yourself, sister—the hand of God has fallen heavily upon us;”—He asked with a tone of compassion, “Have you also lost any thing by this conflagration?”

“*All*,” said Philip, looking stedfastly on the ground. “*All*,” repeated his sister in a trembling voice. Terror had chased the roses from her cheeks, but the glow of the fire, which exposed her fine features, and her half-veiled panting bosom to view, had lent an artificial suffusion. Her beauty resembled that of the fair bride, on whom the morning sun darts his first rays through crimson curtains.

The stranger lifted his hat a little from his eyes, and let his mantle drop from his

visage, as if to devour with every sense the charms of Eliza. "Can I be of any service to you?" said he, turning politely to her brother.

Philip eyed him with an air of distrust. It was a raw, cold, October night, and the rain began to fall. Necessity overcame her fears. "Sir," said he, "could you afford us a shelter for this night only?"

"Not for this night only, but for ever," retuned the stranger. I have an apartment in my house which is entirely unoccupied; this I resign to you with pleasure till your cottage be rebuilt."

"If the rent be not too high for a poor man," said Philip, hesitatingly.

"The rent!" repeated the stranger. "No, sir; the thanks of an honest man are all I desire, and not even them when loudly expressed: for, I am in affluence, and wish for no other reward than the consciousness of doing good."

“ May I ask the name of my benefactor,” said Philip, “ whom heaven has sent to my relief ?”

Just as the stranger had modestly mentioned the name of Lauragnais, an engine flew past with such velocity as nearly to have caught Eliza in the wheels. This accident, combined with the increasing impetuosity of the rain, induced her to accept the proffered arm of the obliging stranger, who made way for her to pass safely through the crowd. She looked round apprehensively after her brother, who cast a lingering farewell look at the wreck of his property ; and raising his clasped hands to heaven, followed he knew not *whom*—he knew not *whither*.

The name of Lauragnais was wholly unknown to him. Deeply immersed in the cares of his own pursuits, he had not had leisure to enquire the name and character of any but his correspondents. He was therefore a total stranger to the rank of his benefactor until he reached the

splendid portal of his house, where a train of livery servants awaited the arrival of their master, and addressed him by the title of your Excellency.

At this word Eliza made a fruitless effort to withdraw her hand from the arm of her conductor, who, without appearing to regard her, whispered a few words in the ear of an old servant. In an instant, the hall was filled with lights, and the guests were led over a courtyard to an adjoining set of apartments, furnished with simple elegance. On conducting them in, the Count politely wished them a more undisturbed repose than they had yet enjoyed for that night, and then withdrew. They were immediately supplied by the attendants with every necessary refreshment, and shortly after left to take their rest.

Philip threw himself upon a couch, and spent the night in a state of stupid despair; but Eliza, like other women, more easily accommodated herself to her

new situation, and though unable to sleep, yet endeavoured to cheer and console her dejected brother.

On the following morning the wife of the house steward, an obliging old gossip, entered the room with a parcel of linen clothes, and other articles of dress, such as Philip and Eliza had then particular occasion for. While employed in untying and displaying the different parcels, the old woman lamented their misfortune with a thousand sympathetic exclamations ; at the same time, speaking loudly in commendation of the count's benevolence.

Towards noon, the count himself made his appearance. He was young and handsome, with a graceful, easy, and unembarrassed deportment. He possessed, to a high degree of perfection, the heavenly art of bestowing a favour, without suffering it to be felt by the receiver ; and forced Philip to accept the loan of a considerable sum for the maintenance of his

credit, with so much suavity of manner and apparent goodness of heart, that the unfortunate youth was overwhelmed with his unbounded beneficence, and could only express his gratitude as his excellency, retired, by a look of affectionate respect, and a flood of tears.

Hope and peace now reigned in their new habitation. The fair prospect of happier days gave to the sunken eye of Philip its former bright vivacity. He redoubled his diligence in business, and left his desk only to serve his interest on Change. Eliza devoted herself with no less assiduity to her domestic concerns. In the midst of a populous city, they lived wholly unknown, and received no visits but those of their benefactor, who gradually became more and more familiar, and gained the entire confidence of both brother and sister.

Philip, who tenderly loved his sister, had often lamented his inability to adorn those charms which nature had so lavishly

bestowed on her person, by the more durable accomplishments of the mind. He felt delighted therefore at the generous offer of the count to take this task on himself. His excellency now supplied her with select books, gave her daily lessons on the harp; and was intent to inform her mind by instructive conversations. All this was done in so delicate and unassuming a manner, that it was not possible for the most refined sensibility to have taken alarm; much less the unsuspecting Philip, who naturally viewed the count with the most partial eyes, and was disposed to give to all his actions a favourable construction. And if there were moments, in which a horrid suspicion darted through his mind, the conviction of his sister's exalted virtue and unshaken principle, combined with the respectful deportment of the count, to banish in an instant the ungrateful thought. Persuaded that he possessed her entire confidence, because he felt himself worthy of

it, he was little aware of the powerful influence of a passion he had never experienced. When business called him abroad, therefore, he left the count alone in the company of his sister, sometimes for half the day together.

It was his custom to take a walk with his sister every Sunday, and to carry her often to the most frequented promenades. On these occasions, he perceived that she excited universal attention, even among persons of rank; and that a whisper seemed to run through the busy throng. But this circumstance, so far from affording him any uneasiness, he regarded with pleasure, as a just tribute to the charms of his lovely sister. An old friend of his father's at length undertook to apprise him of his real situation. He informed him that the count was a professed libertine, and that the apartment he now inhabited had always been occupied by women of abandoned character.

"Your sister," said he, "is pointed at

as the mistress of the count ; and I have heard it asserted in public companies, that you have betrayed her in order to receive the wages of her shame. Those who know you are convinced to the contrary ; but only think how *little* you are known."

Philip scarcely heard the last sentence—rage and revenge had taken full possession of his soul, almost depriving him of his faculties. On recollecting himself, however, he was by no means thoroughly convinced either of the count's or his sister's guilt. He reflected, whatever else the count may be, he is my benefactor, and incapable of doing me an injury. But notwithstanding this conviction, he was resolved to retrieve his sister's and his own reputation, by an instantaneous removal from under his roof.

On arriving at his habitation, he found his sister alone. He perceived she had been weeping, and fancied she received

him with forced cordiality. The agitation of his mind increased, and he paced the room with hasty strides. He could now scarcely bear to think on his relation to his sister, whose presence was for the first time in his life become painful to him. At length he summoned sufficient resolution and self-command to impart to her the dreadful news he had heard. He held her trembling hand in his, and bedewed it with tears of heartfelt agony; and while expatiating with earnest eloquence, on the love he bore her, and on the value of a fair reputation, he did not perceive the anguish depicted in her countenance.

“Think, Eliza,” said he, after a solemn pause, “on the virtue of thy mother.” The appeal was too strong for the lacerated heart of the fallen Eliza. She sunk on her knees, and bathing his hands with her tears, pronounced the dreadful confession, “I am no longer virtuous!”

Tearing himself from her arms, he has-

tened into an adjoining room; and having locked the door, cast himself on the bed, covering his face with the pillows, as if ashamed to behold the light of heaven. He lay for some hours stupid and almost unconscious; till the sobs and cries of his sister calling him in broken accents—*Brother—Dear Brother,*—roused him again from his stupor. He heard the poor afflicted Eliza sink down at the door, and his tenderness for her revived. Towards her he entertained no resentment; he only reproached himself for having so negligently followed the advice of his father, and thus been the author of their present calamity.

He hastened to the door, and kindly raising her from the ground, offered her the best consolation he had to bestow, and begged her to allow him one hour to collect himself, and consider what was proper to be done in their present critical situation. Eliza retired, and before the expiration of the hour, Philip having

coolly digested his plan, returned to her, and requested her to prepare for her immediate departure; conjuring her at the same time to be comforted, and to commit her cause entirely to God and himself. He spoke this with that firmness, which ever attends the man of thought, even in the conflict of contending passions; but there was something in the tone with which it was uttered, that struck the timid Eliza with dreadful forebodings. She cast an enquiring look on her brother, and trembled to behold his eye on fire and wildly rolling—his visage pale and ghastly.

“My dear Philip,” said she, “what are you going to do? I love the count; I am to be his wife. He has sworn it repeatedly—”

“Has he?—So much the better! And do you think, Eliza, he will keep his word?”

“Depend upon it; but at present there are some circumstances.—”

“ Does he speak of circumstances?— Then all is clear : the restitution of our honour is the *first* circumstance to which he must attend. Be tranquil. I will act as becomes an honest man, and an injured brother. For the present, you will promise me, that you will see the count no more.”

She assured him she would obey him as a father. He departed ; and she turned the key of the apartment. Soon after, the count availing himself of her brother's absence, tapped gently at her door ; but was refused admittance.

It had long been the most earnest wish of Philip's heart to rebuild his paternal house, which the flames had destroyed, and his fond fancy was continually busied with projecting plans for its accomplishment. He had some reason to believe, that by perseverance in his present mode of life, the period could not be very far distant, when he and his beloved sister might re-enter the peaceful dwelling,

where they had spent the happiest hours of childhood and youth, under the fostering hand of the best of parents. He anticipated with fond delight the joy he should feel on sitting again in the room where he had been taught by his father, and on retreading the kitchen where his mother had so often prepared his favourite dinner. This project was his hobby horse—his constant amusement. It was the subject of his thoughts, while vigilant in the night—the image of his reveries, while walking in the day. The spot was well situated, and many times might he have sold it, for even more than its value ; but he uniformly and resolutely declared “ that span of ground not to be purchasable with money ; ”—and now, on a sudden, he offered his beloved ruins to sale with an eagerness that betrayed his distress. The purchasers of course as suddenly changed their tone. Shrugging their shoulders and affecting indifference, they offered him trifling sums, and finally

induced him to part with his paternal inheritance for a third of its value.

Happy, however, in procuring a sufficiency for the payment of his debt to the count, he accepted, without hesitation, the first serious offer that was made him; and even agreed to a further abatement, in order to obtain the purchase-money on the spot. He swept it with eagerness off the table into his purse; and hastening home, flew breathless to the anti-chamber of the count.

He was no sooner announced than the count came forward to meet him, with a smile of the most cordial friendship; and expressed his joy at being thus singularly favoured with a visit. Philip with difficulty summoned resolution, coldly and politely to request a few words in private. The experienced courtier plainly read in Philip's agitation and convulsed features, the struggles of his soul; but remained himself unruffled and serene. Taking his friend by the hand, he led him into his

closet. Philip threw a glance round the room, and a smile escaped him on perceiving there was no way out but that by which they had entered. The count entreated him to take a seat on the sofa, but Philip remained close to the door; and drawing out his purse, began to count his money on the table that stood near him.

"My dear friend," said the count, "what are you doing?" Philip went on counting without taking the smallest notice until he had done; when pointing to the money with a trembling hand, he exclaimed—

"Here, count, is what you have been so kind as to advance me, both principal and interest."

"How so?—I have requested no return. Why will you rob me of the pleasure of assisting you, which I can do without any inconvenience to myself?—and the interest too! Indeed, my worthy friend, I could almost take it ill."

Without a word in reply, Philip laid

the remaining contents of his purse on the table.

“Not enough yet?” stammered the count, evidently confused, “are you still in my debt?”

“Doubtless, count; here is the rent of my apartment, during five months, just as I should have paid at an inn.”

“But I must remind you, sir,” said the count, nettled at this proceeding, “that I am no innkeeper. Those apartments are only open for friends—”

“Yes,” returned Philip, with a smile of bitterness, “too late am I apprized of the description of friends, for whose reception they are open. But enough, count; I have satisfied every demand you could possibly make. I now expect the same from you.”

“From me!”

“Yes, count, from you. Return me the honour of my sister.” His excellency turned pale.—Philip continued.—“On that fatal night, when the flames con-

sumed our little property, I flew in the face of heaven, and complained that providence had bereft me of *all*.—Ungrateful being ! We possessed a blessing which no flames could injure or destroy—an unblemished reputation. We were even rich in virtue and innocence. But now indeed I *have* lost all. Now am I indeed a beggar. You have violated the laws of hospitality—you have abused the confidence which the shew of benevolence had gained you—you have reduced my sister to a level with the most abandoned of women ; and now I ask you, will you compel the brother to turn assassin ?”

“ Mr. Renaud !” exclaimed the count, his lips pale with fear.

“ Eliza is an orphan, count, with no other protector under heaven, to act and speak for her, but myself. (He advanced a step nearer.) I have still some reliance on your integrity and honour.—You have promised my sister marriage. I now de-

mand the fulfilment of that promise. Do you really love her? Will you really make her your wife? I wish for a definite answer."

The count, a little recovered from the surprise and agitation into which he had been thrown by Philip's sudden appearance and subsequent conduct, entreated him, with mildness and dignity, not to suffer himself to be hurried away by the vehemence of his anger, but to listen for a moment to the cool dictates of reason. He confessed with the most penitent air imaginable, that his passion for Eliza had carried him beyond the bounds of propriety; but that he was ready to make every reparation which his situation permitted;—that he should think himself the happiest of men, were it but in his power to make the dear girl his wife; and that were he entirely independent, he would not defer the enjoyment of that happiness for an hour longer. But the reverse was the case: his connections at court—

the foolish prejudices of his family, particularly those of an old uncle, whose sole heir he was, rendered such a step at present altogether impossible. "In a few years," said he, "perhaps every objection may be removed; and in the meantime permit me to insure your sister an easy independance, which will place her above any reverse of fortune. And as for you, my friend—"

Philip was no longer master of himself—"Enough, enough, count."

"You are surely too reasonable," continued he, "to require more of me at present; nor could you possibly expect to add to the happiness of your sister by forcing me into an alliance, which would assuredly annihilate my political existence."

Philip gave him a look of sovereign contempt, and drew his sword. "Defend yourself, count!"

"Is it possible, Mr. Renaud? I am unarmed."

"I perceive a sword in that corner. You need only extend your hand to be instantly armed."

"You know not, my friend, what you are doing."

"This I know, that my dying father made me the guardian of his daughter's virtue. It is now too late to save it, but not too late to revenge its loss! Come on, count!"

Lauragnais made a motion towards the bell—Renaud perceived it, and snatching a pistol from his pocket, exclaimed in an agony of rage, "If you will not give me satisfaction as a man of honour, I will shoot you as a common robber!"

"Rash youth!" he cried, trembling with fury, "I will give you the satisfaction you demand. You may blame yourself for the consequences."

They fought.—Though Philip had never before wielded a sword, yet he considered himself as a competent match for his adversary, when fighting in the cause of vir-

tue. He made a precipitate thrust at the count, which the latter, who had the advantage of skill and coolness, parried with great facility. The contest lasted not long. Philip fell weltering in his blood. The count, who, though a libertine, was not a deliberate villain, flew to the bell and rang violently. Medical assistance was instantly procured, and Philip conveyed to the count's bed, who gave orders for every thing to be done which could afford him comfort or relief, and himself watched the first night by his bed side. On the following day, when the wound was dressed, the surgeon pronounced Philip's life to be in danger; upon which intelligence, the count thought it most prudent to seek his own safety in a precipitate flight.

He left orders to his house-steward that all possible care should be taken of the wounded man, and promised the surgeons a rich reward in case of his recovery. To poor Eliza, who was half distracted at

her brother's unexpected absence, he wrote an affectionate letter, inclosing the money he had received from Philip, with an addition of as much more for her own use. He communicated the melancholy affair with the utmost delicacy, and begged she would hasten to her brother, and take possession of his house during his absence. Having dispatched this letter, he threw himself into his carriage, accompanied by more bitterness of remorse than had ever before assailed him, in the midst of all his former excesses.

Breathless, and with hair dishevelled, Eliza flew to the sick couch of her beloved brother. In an agony of despair she tore herself from those who attempted to restrain her, rent open the curtains which concealed his pale and distorted visage from her view, and then sunk exhausted by his bed side. Here she remained in silent anguish till she heard him breathe, and was convinced that he was still living. A flood of tears then

came to her relief, with which she bedewed the cold hand that was still crimsoned with blood.

But nature, so strong in youth, so impotent in age, again restored Philip to health, but not to peace of mind. He left the count's house as soon as his strength permitted; returning all the money which Eliza had received into the hands of the steward.

A thousand plans of revenge had disturbed his heated brain during his confinement; and when restored, the pale fading form of his sister served only to inflame his fury. One while he determined to follow her seducer to the farthest corner of France, and either to be revenged, or die in the attempt; another while to present his betrayed lost sister at the throne, and supplicate for justice. But the conciliating gentleness of Eliza at length prevailed over the furious passion of her brother—"Let him fly;" said she, "from his Maker he cannot hide himself.

Let us rather seek help at the throne of the Almighty, than at the corrupt court of Lewis."

Eliza's persuasive eloquence and patient example so far wrought upon him, that at last he resolved to bury his sufferings in the depths of his own heart, and sought to dissipate his cares amidst the hurry of business.—But alas! in vain; his native town, once so dear, was now grown hateful to him. Wherever he went he imagined the shame of his sister was written on his brow. If any one looked at him, accidentally opened a window as he passed, or smiled at some indifferent object, it struck like a dagger to his heart: Every whisper or nod he construed into a sneer at himself or his sister: Brest was a hell to him, where he daily and hourly suffered the most cruel martyrdom. Gathering together, therefore, the last remains of his property, he took ship with Eliza for the West Indies.

Love, says the muse of Gesner, put the

first rudder into the hand of the navigator, and planted himself at the stern by his side. But it was not love which guided the bark of Columbus across the trackless ocean. Humanity stood weeping on the shore when a fresh gale filled his spreading sails. Avarice and Ambition stood sentinels on the top-mast, eagerly watching lest any unknown land should escape their notice. They succeeded but too well in their greedy search. On the 4th of December the flourishing island of Hayti had the misfortune to come within their view, and to exchange its name for that of Hispaniola. Here the sentinels parted; Avarice went on land to satisfy its voracious appetite, and Ambition returned to Europe, to hover over the cradle of Francis the First!

It was this island of Hispaniola, or St. Domingo, as it is now generally called, on which our adventurers landed. With doubtful steps and sinking hearts they passed along the lovely and fruitful plains

of Cape François; but lost in the contemplation of their own dark fate, they were insensible to the beauties of the landscape which expanded before them.

A letter of recommendation from the same old friend, who had destroyed Philip's peace of mind by his well-meant information, was the sole ground of all their expectations. The person to whom they were addressed was a certain Francis Melun, one of the most opulent planters on the island, whose slaves covered the land, and ships the ocean.

Philip entered his presence with the diffidence which ever accompanies genuine worth, and presented the important and decisive letter. Eliza followed at a little distance, awaiting the event with a palpitating heart. The old man opened the letter, read, and shrugged his shoulders; read farther, and lamented that it was not in his power at that moment to give him any employment, having then no vacant situation. In consequence,

however, of his old correspondent's urgent recommendation, and Philip's melancholy and dejected appearance, he promised to engage him in one department or another, in case his sister could be accommodated elsewhere, as it was impossible for him to take her into the house. This hard condition quenched at once the spark of joy which began to illumine the eye of the grateful youth. With a look of anguish he turned to his sister, whose cheek was bedewed with a cold tear. He was just on the point of uttering the words "Come, my dear sister, let us go elsewhere," when a door suddenly opened, and a creole of about sixteen glided into the room: she was dressed in a robe of the finest calico, having a graceful form, and a step light and negligent. Her features were not regularly beautiful, but the cast of her countenance was expressive; her face was pale, her eyes black, full, and shaded by long black eye-lashes. She appeared, in fact, to be the younger

sister of Sterne's Eliza. Francisca (for that was the name of this lovely creature) was the only daughter of Francis Melun. She was indolent, like all her countrywomen, but possessed of no less susceptibility. She was the idol of the whole house, and the sole remaining joy of her aged father, who yielded every thing to her solicitation..

With one glance of her expressive eyes she surveyed the mournful strangers, and entered into their condition.. Philip pleased her fancy, and Eliza interested her sensibility. The tear which still moistened the cheek of the latter, and the gloomy dejection which still hung on the brow of the former, spoke powerfully to her heart. She leaned fondly over her father, and with one persuasive word obtained Eliza as one of her numerous attendants, from whom she would have little or no service to require. Philip was received into the counting-house of the father, where his talents were first tried in

trifling concerns, and afterwards in those of a more complicated nature. In all, he acquitted himself to his own credit, and to the satisfaction of his employer: for he not only discovered extensive commercial knowledge, but an incorruptible integrity, which daily advanced him in the esteem and confidence of Mr. Melun. Eliza was equally fortunate in quality of lady's maid, in attaching her amiable young mistress, who soon raised her to the rank of companion, and from that to friend and equal.

Time now began gradually to heal the wounds which had been given to their peace of mind. Philip had frequent opportunities, through the kind support and credit of his employer, to do business on his own account; which by care and diligence enabled him to realize a comfortable independence. A happy futurity seemed now to smile on him, and he fancied himself raised above any future attacks of fortune, when a new and unex-

pected storm suddenly burst over his head. The capricious tyrant of all mortals, who often frowns on the prince and smiles on the beggar—that tyrant Love, slid unperceived into his unguarded heart.

To be daily in company with the benevolent and lovely woman to whom he owed all his present happiness; to sit opposite to her at table; to be perpetually discovering new charms both in her mind and person; to receive so many smiles of cordial friendship, and be favoured with so many innocent freedoms, was too much for a young man, who had scarcely seen his twenty-sixth year, and upon whose uncorrupted heart no lady had ever yet made any durable impression. It was long before he himself was aware of the precipice on which he stood; but when there was no longer room to doubt—when the image of her on whom his soul hung was ever present at his desk, and formed the most commanding object in all his dreams; when the most important con-

cerns in the course of his business were impotent to banish for a moment her image from his thoughts; he started back with horror, like a son who first stretches out his hand to rob his parent! He reflected on the serious duties he owed his benefactor; on the folly of endeavouring to steal the heart of a rich young heiress; and sunk into the deepest melancholy.

He was successful in concealing the flame, which consumed him, from unsuspecting observers, and even from her for whom he suffered; but the prying eyes of sisterly affection discerned the workings of his heart in the variations of his own countenance. Eliza beguiled from him one evening, during a solitary walk, the confession of his love. His full heart found relief in her soothing participation. She vainly endeavoured to offer him consolation; for there was none at hand. She felt, herself, the futility of every argument which she used; knowing that Francisca was already engaged to

a Mr. de Noyer, whose return from Europe was daily expected. This she had learnt from Francisca herself some months before; but did not think proper to communicate the circumstance to her brother.

Francisca, it is true, felt no affection for him, as she was only a child when he left the island of St. Domingo; but she yielded implicitly to the will of her father, and even felt a sort of infantine joy, when, a few days after, a letter announced to her the speedy arrival of her future husband. Eliza arose and stepped to the window. Francisca sprang up, and perceived her silently drop a tear upon a rose-bush—a tear she vainly struggled to restrain. With eager astonishment, she pressed Eliza to disclose to her the cause of her unseasonable emotion. “Do you know Mr. de Noyer?” said she, “did you know him in Europe? Do you think he will make me unhappy? Tell me, Eliza, do you think this union will separate us?—Believe me, death alone shall part us.”

These, and various other questions, were put in rapid succession. Francisca spoke with so much feeling and affectionateness of nature, threw her arms with such fondness round her neck, so kindly wiped away the flowing tears, and with Eliza reclining on her bosom, intreated her in such tones of endearment, either not to weep, or to tell her the cause of her tears, that poor Eliza, in an unguarded moment, let slip the fatal words "Alas! my poor brother!"

Francisca started, and fixing her scrutinizing eyes full on those of her friend, repeated—your brother! Eliza, confused and terrified at her rashness, stood with downcast eyes playing with the leaves of the rose. Francisca paused for a moment; then laying a hand on each of Eliza's shoulders, turned hastily round, and again demanded—"your brother! dearest Eliza, what of him?" Eliza timidly raised her tearful eye. Anguish was depicted in the falling tear; the words

died on her lips ; she escaped from the arms of her friend, and precipitately fled into the garden to avoid answering every other interrogative. But Francisca knew enough—her heart foreboded the reality, and vanity supplied the rest. Retiring to her boudoir, she threw herself on a couch, and drawing the silken curtains, created a sort of artificial twilight around her, in which she retraced the whole of Renaud's conduct, from the first of his abode in her father's house ; his open and easy manners at the commencement, contrasted with his embarrassed mien ; his varying colour on addressing her ; his confusion when she addressed him ; his melancholy wanderings in the groves and woods ; the neatness and elegance of his dress ; in short, every thing declared aloud—"he loves you, Francisca, and you dare not return his affection—pity is all you have to bestow."

From this moment she lost her wonted vivacity ; forbore all conversation with

Eliza concerning her brother ; frequently dined in her own apartment, and whenever she did not, scarcely ventured to raise her eyes from the table. If her eye accidentally caught Renaud's, her pale face was instantly overspread with a crimson glow ; and even in the solitude of her chamber, his melancholy image, his hollow eye and dejected look, haunted her imagination, and produced a painful certainty in her mind, that he was no longer indifferent to her. Had he ventured a disclosure of his passion, and sued for a return, pride would assuredly have lent her weapons of defence. But this modest and affecting silence, this calm endurance—what can it not effect on the female heart ?

Eliza preserved a silence no less profound ; nor did she, by the slightest allusion to her brother, over-step the boundary which fortune had marked between them. Gratified as Francisca was with this delicacy on the part of her friend,

she felt the constraint daily the more oppressive as the feelings of her heart were awakened. Anxiously did she await the favourable moment, when Eliza would aid her in making a confession, from which both pride and shame withheld her, and relieve her anguish by kind participation—but she waited in vain! Eliza remained faithful to her determination, and silently partook the silent sorrow of her unhappy brother.

A few days had elapsed, when Mr. Melun came smiling to dinner, and snatching up a glass of wine, congratulated his daughter on the arrival of her future husband. Her stagnant blood now flowed rapidly to the surface, and tinged her face and neck with a deep crimson. With a trembling hand she took the glass presented by her father, and just moistened her lips by way of drinking to his health. Her father rallied her on her extreme bashfulness, little suspecting what was passing at that moment in her

heart. Nor did he appear to be any way struck with Renaud's abrupt departure, Francisca's death-like paleness, and Eliza's moistened eye.

Fortunately for all present, Mr. Melun began a long discussion on the affluence of his future son, and filled so many bumpers to his health, as in a short time to be incapable of discerning any thing clearly.

Mr. de Noyer arrived. He was a man in whom a knowledge of mankind, and the most inflexible integrity, were united. Francisca's lovely appearance exceeded his most sanguine expectations. He conducted himself towards her with affectionate attention; and was always gay and uniformly in good humour, and seemed to love her with so delicate a passion as to be soon in possession of her esteem. To love him was no longer in her power, because he was not the object of her deliberate choice; but he was far from being disagreeable to her, and had she never

known Renaud, she would certainly have bestowed her hand on him with pleasure.

After the arrival of Mr. de Noyer, the unhappy Renaud cautiously avoided the presence of Francisca, unable to bear the triumph of his fortunate rival. In fact, the conflict of contending passions began evidently to affect his health. He glided about like a shadow, and executed his business like an automaton; sensible at the same time of the sad conviction, that even this would soon be an exertion beyond his strength.

Mr. Melun perceived with the deepest concern the declining state of Renaud's health. He now felt an almost paternal affection for him, and was solicitous to procure him relief. Far from suspecting the real cause of this change, he attributed it to the climate, and proposed his leaving St. Domingo for some other West Indian island; offering, in addition to the property Renaud had already realized,

to promote his interest in every possible way; at the same time making him a present of a new ship he had just purchased.

Renaud accepted the proposal of his friend with eagerness. A faint ray of joy glimmered in his heavy eye, and animated him for the moment with artificial spirits. He made the necessary arrangements with the utmost expedition, in hopes of escaping before the celebration of the hated nuptials, which would rob him for ever of his last gleam of hope.

When Francisca was informed of Renaud's speedy departure, she retired to her chamber, wasting her days and nights in tears. She knew herself to be the cause of his banishment, and dreaded lest he should become a prey to the storms of fortune; and yet what could she do?—Nothing but weep and supplicate heaven for his welfare. The nearer the day of his departure approached, the greater was her agitation; and at last, she found her-

self compelled to be entirely absent, under pretext of indisposition. She beguiled her tedious hours with working a flag to decorate Renaud's ship ; and being a proficient at her needle, she successfully exerted her powers in giving to the ingenuity of art the delusive appearance of reality. On the flag, which was large and white, she represented a guardian angel holding in its hand, a sprig of *forget-me-not* ; on his face played a heavenly smile, through which was yet discernible, a concealed sorrow.

The flag was completed—the ship ready for sailing—and Renaud's departure fixed for the following morning. Francisca availed herself of the evening twilight, to bid him a final adieu. “Go,” said she, “dear Eliza, and send your brother to me.”

With faltering steps and a beating heart, Eliza conducted her brother to the apartment of her friend. At the door, he made a full stop, having neither

strength nor resolution to proceed.—Like a criminal awaiting the sentence of death, he stood with downcast eyes. Francisca's heart beat tumultuously: she summoned, however, all her scattered spirits, and rising, advanced towards him.

"My dear Renaud," said she, with some hesitation, "you surely would not go without bidding me a last farewell." Renaud was silent—the oppression at his heart sealed his lips.

"Believe me, dear Renaud, my esteem and friendship will ever attend you."

A tear swam in his hollow eye.

"Fate has dealt hardly with you; (his lips trembled convulsively,) and, perhaps no less so with me;" continued she, suppressing a deep sigh. (Renaud raised his eyes timidly towards her.) "But we must submit to necessity, even though we find it hard."—

He attempted to force a smile; but it was lost in an expression of melancholy.

“Accept this flag which I have myself worked as a memorial for you.”

He eagerly grasped at the present.

“It is my guardian angel, which I send to protect you wherever you go—the emblem of my wishes—the flower in its hand is, I hope, superfluous.”

Renaud's feelings were now too powerful for him to sustain—a flood of tears, which his sense of propriety could no longer restrain, flowed to his relief. He eagerly caught her proffered hand, covered it with kisses, and sobbing aloud, rushed out of the room. On the rising of the sun, Francisca beheld from her window the swiftly gliding bark, in appearance, but as a little spot in the ocean. She followed it with a tearful eye, and an aching heart, till even this spot was no longer visible; but still in fancy, it continued long present to her view.

A few days after, Mr. de Noyer received the hand of Francisca, and discovered, when too late, that she was consumed by

a secret grief, which the tenderest love was inadequate to remove, or even assuage. He left no means untried which love could suggest, to restore her peace of mind; but all was ineffectual. Francisca endured in silence the melancholy which preyed upon her heart, till it could be plainly read in her pallid countenance. She faded like a violet that is denied the benefit of shade and dew.

Renand, in the mean time, plunged into extensive mercantile concerns, and eagerly caught at every diversion which change of scene could afford him, in the hope of banishing from his mind the remembrance of his cruel destiny. He often wrote to his sister, and promised to fetch her as soon as the agitation of his mind would permit him to fix his residence; "but so long," added he, "as an unconquerable passion, like a guilty conscience, drives me from place to place, I think it my duty, as an affectionate brother, not to rob you of your present asylum." He seldom

mentioned her friend; but concluded one of his letters with the following observations.

“ The guardian angel, who continually hovers over my ship, is, it seems, endowed by its fair creator, with only limited powers.—True it is, he watches over all my external concerns, and conducts me safely in and out of port—restraining, as it were, the fury of the winds and waves; but as to what passes *within me*, he appears altogether unconcerned. My heart is a prey to continual storms—my tranquillity is the sport of a raging passion.”

Mr. de Noyer perceived with great concern, that every thing had been tried in vain for the recovery of his wife's declining health. He proposed, therefore, as a last resource, that Francisca should accompany him to the bay of Samara, in the Spanish part of St. Domingo, where a new plantation which he had purchased, demanded his occasional presence. Here they were to reside for some months, for

the purpose of trying whether a change of air might not have a beneficial effect.

Francisca cheerfully acquiesced in the wishes of her husband, partly from the real pleasure which she felt in obliging him, and partly with the hope of obtaining relief from change of air and scene. Mr. Melun, hard as he felt it to part with his only child, could not disapprove of the plan. He gave her his blessing, and jocosely begged of her to try and fish him a little grandchild out of the bay of Samara.

Attended by her husband and faithful friend, she shortly after sailed for their new residence, where she soon discovered that she was likely to become a mother. De Noyer's rapture was indescribable. He gave a rural fête in celebration of the joyful event, upon which occasion, he restored twelve of his negroes to freedom; leading them up to his wife, to return her thanks as the author of this blessing.

Such admirable traits in de Noyer, were

not lost upon Francisca. The more she saw of her husband, the higher he rose in her esteem; and this, added to the anticipation of her future happiness in becoming a mother, would sometimes dissipate the gloom which preyed on her spirits. As the time of her confinement approached, she felt her attachment to life and all things around her increase; and on her delivery, she pressed her first-born son to her bosom, mingling her tears with those of her husband. New duties and new ties drew a veil over the image of Renaud, and almost concealed him from her view.

She nourished her infant from her own bosom, and experienced in the fulfilment of this indispensable duty, that benefit which it seldom fails to produce. Her health was fully restored, and a faint glow suffused her pallid cheek. Little Francis was three months old, when, in compliance with the earnest desire of Mr. Melun to see his grandson, they made pre-

parations for again leaving the bay. For this purpose, Mr. de Noyer fitted out a light galley, and sent his equipage with the attendants in another vessel.

Just at this time, a small English vessel was shipwrecked off the coast of Samara, but the crew were fortunately saved. They immediately applied to M. Vernier, captain of a French vessel which was just ready to put to sea, and requested him to receive them on board, and land them either at Cape François or Monte Christo. But the captain having too many men aboard, he was obliged to refuse them, though he entreated Mr. de Noyer to receive two of them into his galley. The latter humanely consented, though at the expence of his convenience; being obliged, on that account, to leave a faithful negro at the bay, whom he much wished to have taken with him. He entered into conversation with the two Englishmen, one of whom was called captain John, and the other Young, and provided them with linen.

and clothes; for which generous office, he was requited by them with the warmest thanks, and the assurance, that they would take their part in the management of the vessel. Mr. de Noyer, moreover, engaged two French sailors, and embarked for St. Domingo, in March, 1760.

For several days after their departure, they sailed along the coast with a fair wind, till they came to a Spanish plantation, where the two French sailors begged to be put ashore, as they hoped to get permanent employment with Mr. Borger, the proprietor. To this Mr. de Noyer willingly acceded; having witnessed for some days the dexterity of the two Englishmen, under whose sole guidance he now pursued his voyage.

The next evening they cast anchor off *Gigri*, a mile above *Porto Plata*, on the northern coast of St. Domingo. Having dined ashore near a Spanish plantation, where vessels usually take in provisions, they returned aboard in the evening, and

strewed the cabin with palm leaves, over which they spread one mattress for Francisca, her friend, and her little boy, and another for Mr. de Noyer, who was separated from them by an extended sail, by way of a curtain.

They retired to rest, and continued undisturbed till four in the morning; when Francisca was roused from her sleep by a violent noise resembling a blow, which seemed to proceed from the spot where her husband lay, and which was instantly succeeded by audible groans. She sprang up in an agony of terror, and called Eliza; but before she was sufficiently awake to reply, John approached her, covered with blood, and holding an uplifted axe in his hand, threatened her with instant death, should a sound escape her, or should she dare to raise the sail that concealed from her the dreadful object. He then left her, darting a fierce look from his flaming eyes; and going on deck with his companion, they directed their

course, as it afterwards appeared, towards New York.

At day-break, being far out at sea, the affrighted ladies obtained permission to arise.—Francisca staggered upon deck.—Great God! What a spectacle! the corpse of her murdered husband floated on the waves, which had received it but the moment before. The wretched widow sunk on the ground, almost lifeless with horror: the barbarians mocked at her distress, and John, presenting a dagger at her breast, demanded the keys of the trunks, &c. On examination, he took all the cash he could find, and left the other things untouched.

For the remainder of the day, the friends were left to bemoan their sad fate without molestation. The ship sailed rapidly—sky and water were the only objects they could discover. Night drew on!—What pencil has power to depicture its horrors!—In an unknown ocean, beyond the reach of human aid, in the power of her husband's murderers, whose

blood dyed the ground beneath her feet—trembling for her own honour or the life of her child—surely, so many terrors were never compressed within the narrow space of one short night!—

With the first dawn of day, the robbers approached the wretched sufferers. “Your sobs and tears,” said they, “have excited our compassion. We are at no great distance from Cape François—if you wish it, one of us will take you in the boat and put you ashore.”

Eager at all events to escape from the clutches of the murderers, Francisca readily accepted the proposal. Had she reflected a moment, she must have been certain, that men capable of such atrocious crimes, were very unlikely to run the risk of detection, by going near the shore; and that, in fact, they had been rapidly sailing for three days in the ocean, in a direction contrary to that of Cape François.

The boat was such as is used in Ame-

rica—very small, consisting only of the trunk of a tree, hollowed out into the form of a canoe. Undaunted by the apparent danger, the friends caught up a small bundle of linen, and eagerly sprang into the boat, leaving whatever remained to the plunderers. John threw a sack of straw, some biscuits, and a small pitcher of water into the boat; and while the trembling Eliza and Francisca were every moment in expectation that one of them would follow, the ruffians suddenly cut it from the galley; and crowding sail, left the poor sufferers a prey to the winds and waves! The despairing mother raised her clasped hands, and conjured the ruffians to take pity on her helpless and innocent babe; but they were deaf to her supplications. In vain she tried to move them by her piercing cries, or when these were lost in the roar of the waves,—by gestures expressive of her agonies. They continued to sail on, and were soon out of sight.

Overcome by terror, amazement, and

exertion, Francisca sunk into a swoon, from which the cries of her babe were unable to rouse her. It was nearly dark—the wind high—and the sea troubled—every moment threatened them with destruction: a huge wave at length broke over them, carried away their scanty pittance of biscuit, and overthrew their pitcher of water. Deprived of their only sustenance, involved in darkness, on a tumultuous sea, the poor delicate Eliza, who had formerly steered for amusement when on parties of pleasure, now successfully exerted her little skill, to steer their wretched shattered bark.

Another morning dawned on them, and the storm abated; but that was their only consolation. The rising sun discovered to their anxious gaze nothing but one vast expanse of sea and sky!

Thus, for seven nights and days, was their existence almost miraculously preserved—exposed by day to the scorching sun beams, and by night to the piercing

cold,—unsheltered from the inclemencies of the weather—with no other food than a small portion of salt meat and a few eggs—without one ray of hope to cheer their drooping spirits.

Francisca's strength was hourly declining, and nothing but the sight of her infant could have sustained the faint spark of existence which yet animated her powerless frame. On the sixth day, the nourishment for her child was exhausted. Then it was, that the horrors of her situation presented themselves in all their terrific colours. The convulsive screams of her half-famished infant roused her from the stupor of despair to frenzied agony. She resolved to die, that by the blood which should flow from her opened veins, she might afford her babe the last source of life she had in her power. The darkness of the night prevented her from executing this suggestion of a heated brain. Collecting the last remnant of her strength, she endeavoured to rock and sing her

child to rest, until both, alike exhausted, sunk into a death-like slumber..

Eliza knelt down by her side ; and leaning on the rudder, which she had no longer power to guide, mingled her fervent prayers with bitter tears, till the rays of the seventh morning sported in the waves.. She raised her head, and once more cast her aching eyes around. A ship at a small distance was gliding by. In a tumult of joy she roused the almost lifeless Francisca—"A ship! a ship!" she cried. Francisca sprang up, raised her child with both hands aloft in the air, and called out "Help! help!" Eliza tore her handkerchief from her bosom, tied it to the rudder, and held it extended in the wind. It was long before they could arrest attention. At last they caught the eye of some one on the deck; a signal was hoisted—the ship tacked about.—Let no one attempt to describe the scene—they were once more in safety! Fondly clasping each other, they raised their

streaming eyes in gratitude to heaven. The ship approached nearer and nearer—the gale drove the boat along-side; Francisca looked up, and behold! the Guardian Angel floated in air over her head. At the same instant a cry of affright resounded through the ship; a man was going to plunge into the sea; three sailors were scarcely able to prevent him.—The exclamation —“ Francisca! Francisca!” filled the air. The ship’s boat had by this time received the half-famished friends. Francisca was borne lifeless into the vessel; and on recovering she found herself in Renaud’s arms.

Thus the God of Love rewards his faithful votaries. Philip was chosen to save his adored Francisca. They anchored soon after in the roads of New Orleans, where Francisca gave in her legal deposition against the murderers: the strictest search was made for them, but they were never heard of more.

As soon as Francisca and her infant

were recovered from their recent sufferings, Renaud conducted them to his beloved and respected friend. The happiness of embracing his grandchild, and uniting the hand of his daughter with his adopted son, was his last enjoyment in this world. He left Renaud the sole heir of his immense property, his integrity, and that domestic tranquillity which had been the sweetener of his life.

Eliza, the faithful sharer of their fluctuating joys and sorrows, was now the partaker of their unvarying felicity. She was the second mother of their children, and closed her days in the bosom of her brother's family. Incapable of a second attachment, she resolutely refused every offer; and when, at an advanced period of her life, she heard that Lauragnais had fallen under the tyranny of Robespierre, she dropped a tear of pity on the memory of her seducer.

THE
R E V E N G E.

“ You must marry a nobleman,” was the incessant cry of Lady Hedwiga Faltenwackel, whenever she addressed her young pupil, Amelia Wittmann on the subject of matrimony. “ You must marry a nobleman. To this end you must direct all your thoughts, words, actions, prayers, and desires! Gracious heavens! For what other end has your papa toiled so hard in trade, and amassed such immense sums, but to have the pleasure of hearing his only child called—your ladyship!”

“ I never can think it,” said the gentle Amelia, “ you know, my dear Lady Hedwiga, that my father always speaks lightly of nobility, and often compares them to the *charyotides*, which in architecture appear to support the building, but are in reality only ornaments, and hide the pillars upon which it rests.”

“ O, for heaven’s sake ! (exclaimed the old lady, holding both her ears, although she could hear but with one :) your father,” continued she, “ is an honest man, and a pious man too ; but he knows nothing of the supreme pleasure of contemplating one’s great ancestry. In fact, I cannot help thinking that he professes to despise high birth for fear of creating hopes in your mind which may never be realized ; but only let a young man of good family once offer himself, his pedigree need not be as old as the creation, or that of the Faltenwackels—let it only be as old as the chestnut-tree on the top of mount Etna—let such a man once pay

his addresses to you, and then you will hear how the tone will be altered. Why did he fix on me for your governess in preference to all others? He well knew, that notwithstanding my extreme poverty, my notions were much too high to be levelled with those of tradesmen. He wished you, therefore, to be fitted by my tuition for that rank in life to which he hopes you will be raised."

"Oh no, my dear madam—I should rather think, that your integrity, virtue, and goodness of heart, were the qualities for which he chose you. He thought that you, who had supported your parents by the labour of your"—hands— Amelia would have added, but was interrupted by a——

"For heaven's sake, stop child! You shock my feelings with the bare idea that this should be known to any living soul but you and your father. From him I could not conceal it, because he procured me the work."

“ And when your parents died—”

“ Why then, he forced me to be sure, to reside in his house. You were then but a child, quite a little infant, dear Amelia; and he laid you in my arms, and I pressed you to my heart, where you have been ever since.”

“ And therefore—”

“ No, not therefore, but, because I am of an ancient good family; and because he intended to marry you into a good family; and because he knew that a common governess could not introduce you into polite circles; and because—and because—”

With this innocent chitchat did Lady Hedwiga amuse herself hour after hour. She was the worthiest and best of creatures that ever bore a coat of arms; her principles were rigidly virtuous; her heart tender and compassionate, and her life irreproachable; but an extravagant passion for her ancestry was her foible, and perhaps her hereditary disorder.

With her, however, it was as harmless as the horny tunic which a man inherits from his father; only that in the education of Amelia, she could not help scattering this single grain of tares among the good corn.

But our natures are such that we are not only indulgent to the weaknesses of those we love, we even sometimes catch their infection and amalgamate them with our own. I have known persons averse from snuff-taking, who out of pure sociability have taken pinches from their intimate friends, till snuff-taking became with themselves a habit also. What wonder, then, that Amelia, who from her twelfth year had been dinned with the words "you must marry a nobleman," should at length declare with the utmost gravity, that "she would marry nothing but a nobleman." One solid pretension she had at least—money: for what nobleman would not submit to a gap in his pedigree for an income of two thousand ducats?

Her father, however, sturdily opposed both governess and pupil. He was a plain downright tradesman, who had begun business in early life, with a capital less than ten pounds, and by his industry had realized an immense fortune. It was his wish to marry his only daughter to an honest man, who should carry on his business with the same ardour with which himself had commenced it. But as a father has seldom a voice in opposition to the will of an only daughter, honest Willmuth contented himself with ridiculing his daughter's high notions, leaving her choice at the same time perfectly uninfluenced.

It may not be improper to observe, that Amelia's desire of becoming a lady, resembled the figures delineated by the frost on panes of glass. The God of Love might have dissolved it in an instant, and reflected his own fair image in its stead. It unfortunately happened, however, that her first lover was not only

a plebeian, but an *incroyable* of the newest stamp—than which nothing could be less suited to Amelia's taste. One might almost have thought him in the act of doing penance: for he was clothed as it were in sackcloth, though not crowned with ashes. His cold unfeeling heart was concealed under half-a-dozen waistcoats, and his hand rested in the place which his soul had chosen for its abode. He had learnt from the philosophy of the new school, of which he was a disciple, that the whole world, *hors nous et nos amis*, was made up of fools; therefore, that his own sonnets and puns were the first of their kind, and that Wieland was a babe in his art. Moreover, his name was Flug-wild (high-flier;) and having a fortune nearly equal to Amelia's, he resolved not to couple himself with any thing of an inferior nature. This lovely girl had awakened his desires; and conceiving it a moral impossibility for any woman not to admire him, he boldly paid his ad-

dresses to her one evening in a ball-room, while dancing a country dance; and made so little secret of the affair, that he spoke loud enough to be overheard by the whole company.

The image of the modest Amelia's future lover, which she unconsciously carried in her bosom, did not, as it happened, bear the slightest resemblance to that of Flugwild. She therefore carefully shunned him at the conclusion of the dance, without giving herself the trouble to inquire about his rank: but her face was crimsoned the remaining part of the evening with a continual blush. This was sufficient for the plebeian *incroyable*, whose conceit construed it into an unequivocal symptom that she (in the language of Lucinda) was disposed to resign herself entirely to his carnal appetite. Accordingly, he waited upon the father, in full confidence, the following morning, with the view of fixing the wedding for the ensuing week.

Mr. Willmuth was all astonishment to hear that the nuptials of his daughter were so near at hand, as she had not given him the slightest hint of the matter; but Flugwild protested with so much assurance, that Amelia was desperately in love with him, that the plain old gentleman was constrained to give him credit. To be sure, he was not extremely well pleased with his future son-in-law : for instead of taking a seat by him on the sofa, in a sociable and friendly manner, he was busily occupied all the time before the looking-glass, with burying his chin in his cravat. Yet he gave him a civil answer, with the assurance that, for his own part, he should have no objection to any one whom his daughter might approve, and would therefore speak to her on the subject.

Flugwild, in his ecstasy of delight, seized the old man's hand, and shook it with so much violence, that he could with difficulty refrain from crying out. He then

turned over a few leaves of the Bible, which lay near him, observing that the evangelist John was a philosophical visionary, and then blustered away to invite his friends to the wedding. But the wedding, it should seem, was not likely to go on so merrily as Flugwild imagined: for old Willmuth, in the goodness of his heart, first consulted Amelia: and the result of the consultation was—a note from him to Mr. Flugwild junior, stating, that his daughter, not feeling any inclination at present to change her state, she could only return him her thanks, in conjunction with his own, for the intended honour, and conclude with the most hearty wishes for his future welfare.

Whoever knows (and who is there that does not?) how deeply the philosophical *incroyables* of the present day are penetrated with a sense of their own excellencies, may easily picture to themselves the monstrous rage which tore the bowels of Mr. Flugwild, on receiving this note. He

instantly set about pouring forth his resentment in sonnets and *xanias*: but as old Willmuth and his daughter ranked with the common herd of mortals, who never took the trouble to read these exquisite productions of the muse, they totally failed of their effect. The intelligence that Amelia Willmuth would give her hand to none but a nobleman, though it aggravated his bitterness, yet served to clear up the mystery of his own ill success: for he did not suspect for a moment his deficiency in any requisite accomplishment; and the circumstance of birth, he had long learnt to hold in sovereign contempt. Nevertheless, on this incident, he built an infernal project of revenge: for, as my readers may know, the philosophers of our day have such sort of sensations in common with us ordinary mortals; and in all they think and do, have commonly respect only to number One.

While Flugwild studied at Jena, there was a cotemporary student at the univer-

sity, called Distel, a young man possessing a clear head and a warm heart. He was the son of a shoe-maker in the country; but a man in good circumstances, who was seized with the ambition of making him a scholar, and of hearing the word of God out of his mouth from the pulpit. The old man fondly anticipated the delight he should feel in beholding his fellow citizens, and even the bailiff of the city, pull off their hats to the respectable offspring of his own loins. These pleasing reveries would visit him, especially as he sat tranquilly smoking his pipe by the fireside on a Sunday.

As little *Crispin* grew up, he was put to school, and taught Latin and Greek, for which he discovered more inclination and genius than for handling his father's awl and hammer. He hurried, as thousands do, from one course of lectures to another, though he did not, like them, return as illiterate as he went. On the contrary,

he collected much knowledge, which he digested with judgment.

Yet with all his application, he lived gaily and freely, spending as much in one year, as his father had saved in forty ; and contracted debts into the bargain. He then distinguished and embroiled himself by fighting duels with his fellow students, got expelled, and flying home, found his father dead, and his own character lost.

He now preferred a petition to the government, that he might pass his examination ; but was not admitted on account of his expulsion. Thus cut off from every means of living, he found protection from despair only in the natural cheerfulness of his temper. He was on the point to enlist for a soldier, when a young nobleman, for whom he had once fought a duel at Jena, offered him the situation of clerk, in a country village, which he accepted without hesitation.

The reflection that he was burying himself alive as parish clerk in a village, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, was not much calculated to gratify his pride; but he endeavoured to banish the thought from his mind by every sort of whimsical conceit. Among other things, he sent a circular letter to all his university friends, announcing his promotion to the rank of parish clerk, and soliciting their future patronage.

One of these letters happened to reach Flugwild, with whom he had been engaged in important concerns, just at the moment of his disaster with Amelia. The thought instantly darted like lightning into his mind, of making Distel the instrument of his revenge. No one appeared to him better suited for the purpose, as he combined a fine manly figure, with great flexibility and vivacity of mind. Whatever else, therefore, was wanting, he resolved to supply with money.

Having formed his determination, he

Immediately wrote a friendly letter to Distel, lamenting that his talents should be circumscribed within so narrow a sphere, and reproaching him for his want of confidence in his more fortunate friends. For his part, he declared, that he could not possibly suffer him to continue a village clerk, and begged him therefore to resign his place directly, and repair to Hamburgh on a day appointed, where he would meet with his former friend, whose thoughts were occupied with plans for his future welfare.

Distel fell, as it were, from the clouds; but his fall was not a rude one — he comfortably let himself down on the green turf of hope. It did not cost him many tears or sighs to give up his clerkship, nor very many moments to lace up his wallet, with which he departed in high glee. He arrived on the appointed day, in the less free than honest city of Hamburgh, and proceeded directly to the hotel De Petersbourg. His dusty and shabby ap-

pearance would have precluded his admittance, had not Flugwild accidentally looked out of the window, and recognizing his friend, relieved him from his embarrassment. The table was instantly covered with wine and glasses, and the door locked, to prevent any interruption in their familiar communications.

Distel burnt with curiosity to learn what plans his Jena bottle companion had to propose to him. No sooner, therefore, were old occurrences in Zwetzen and Lobstadt* gone over, than he introduced the subject with asking—

“ Well, my good friend, what are you going to do with me ?”

“ You shall marry a girl that is both very pretty and very rich.”

“ With all my soul.”

“ But she is a fool.”

“ No matter.”

“ She has refused me.”

* Villages near Jena.

“Not the most foolish thing, either.”

“Because I am no nobleman.”

“Am I one, then?”

“You shall become one.”

“How so, pray?”

Flugwild now discovered to him his whole project. Distil was to be entitled Baron Von Distelberg, a Bohemian nobleman, to be abundantly provided with money, and to remain a quarter of a year in Hamburg, in order to exercise himself in dancing, riding, and other noble arts. Flugwild would then give him respectable letters of credit from rich houses in Vienna, Prague, and Hamburg, which might be exchanged for others payable in Amelia's place of residence. Flugwild, of course, concluded, and with justice, that these new letters of credit would be made out on the old Willmuth, whose firm stood the highest in that place. Distil was then to make his appearance with a considerable retinue, and produce his bills. The old Willmuth, would, without doubt, as

is the custom, invite him to dinner, upon which occasion he might become acquainted with Amelia, pay his addresses to her, and conclude the matter with a marriage.

"Well, what then?" said Distel, who sat listening, with mouth and eyes wide open.

"Why then, there the matter ends. I have my revenge, and you a pretty rich young wife."

"And when the project fails, I have given up my fine clarkship for nothing."

"Fool! it *must* succeed; but should it not, I promise you a yearly allowance three times greater than your salary for the clarkship."

"Very good," thought Distel, "if I have a written contract I am perfectly satisfied. To be sure, the whole affair looked very much like an abominable fraud; but as the girl was a simpleton, such trifling chastisement was no more than her deserts, and might at the same time turn out

well for her, as he was, after all, both a handsome and an honest fellow.

The contract was accordingly signed and sealed in due form. Distel's almost empty wallet, was soon converted into well-filled trunks, and overflowing purses. Baron Von Distelberg, was occupied in Ham-
burgh for some months, with equestrian exercises, was very elegantly equipped, kept coaches, huntsmen, and servants; and proving to the merchants of Ham-
burgh, by his Vienna letters of credit, that he was a rich Bohemian nobleman, he obtained without difficulty, on his departure, new letters of recommendation to Peter Willmuth in D.

In an elegant English travelling chariot, surrounded by livery servants, he now repaired to the theatre of action, where himself was to perform the principal part. The very next day he visited Peter Willmuth, delivered his letters, and met with a polite reception. Pretending

to have no particular acquaintances in that town, he of course received an invitation to dinner, which he accepted, attending punctually at the hour appointed. He was received by the old Willmuth, who entertained him with talking about wind and weather, till the dinner was on the table. "Call my daughter," said the old man, and the village clerk's heart thumped hard at these words. Two minutes after, a lovely girl made her appearance, attended by a lusty matron-like personage. Distel coloured as he had *not* been accustomed to do, and Amelia blushed as she *had been* accustomed to do every day.

"Baron Von Distelberg," (said the old Willmuth) introducing him to the ladies. The young lady made a modest curtesy, and the old lady put on one of her complacent smiles, as the magic word Baron reached her ear. They took their seats at table. Distel never turned his eye from Amelia. "A thousand pities (thought he) that the girl is a simpleton." He had re-

solved on eating a great deal, and of talking still more ; but he ate little, and uttered scarcely a word. His eyes were so much the more eloquent. Amelia had made a conquest. So Amelia thought, and so lady Hedwiga said ; nay, she was very warm upon the subject, when her pupil contradicted her, with the hope of being contradicted in her turn. “ A man of rank, (said she) that is manifest at the first glance : for a *plebeian* may be *learned*, and even *polite*, but that unaffected gracefulness of manners which adorns baron Von Distelberg, for example, is not within his reach.”

As to the case in point, the good Hedwiga was not altogether in the wrong. The shoemaker's son was certainly gifted with a peculiar talent for assuming the great man. He was particular in having his knife and fork changed with every course ; gave his orders to the servants with his neck carelessly bent back ; picked his white teeth, and displayed his brilliant

ring ; and that all with an air that stamped him unquestionably with high birth. The sly spark was soon master of the sage governess's weak side, and expatiated with the most consummate reverence whenever he had the misfortune to be alone in her company, not only on nobility in general, but also on the family of the Faltenwackels, in particular ; nay, he drew tears from the good soul, one day, by roundly asserting, that he had read in some secret memoirs of the Portuguese history, of one Faltenwackel having principally contributed to the re-establishment of the house of Braganza on the throne. From the moment of this discovery, lady Hedwiga was his steady ally, in the old sense of the word, (for according to its modern acceptation, it means one that deserts and betrays) she took cognizance of his sighs, and reported them to the proper board : for which act of kindness he indulged her with abusing the French revolution.

He was likewise on equally good terms with papa. He had scraped together at the academy a little smattering of knowledge in manufactures and merchandize, which he now improved by reading every morning a few hours in technological and elementary books. Thus equipped, he went to Peter Willmuth, and, what was the grand point in this matter, he knew how to display his little superficial information in so easy, unassuming, and seasonable a manner, as frequently to excite the astonishment of the old experienced manufacturer. The young nobleman thus shortly gained his good graces, and stood so high in favour as to be shewn about his manufactory—an honour which he never before conferred on any stranger. Distel profited by the occasion, to apply his commendations and praises with so much dexterity, that the old man set lady Hedwiga all on fire in the evening, by observing, that for a nobleman, this baron was indeed a very intelligent man.

What Distel had effected with the father and the governess by little artifices, was imperceptibly brought about with Amelia, without any art. At home he employed much time and pains in studying his looks and words, which all fled from him the instant he came into her presence. The fire which he had intended to throw into his looks, dwindled away into a pallid languor; and when he determined to look narrowly at her blue eye, he cast his own dark one to the ground. This did him no disservice with Amelia: for in love affairs, the girls are never better pleased than when they create a respectful distance by the power of their charms. The pseudo-Baron was, therefore, far from being disagreeable to her. She felt a real satisfaction, when she heard her father praise him; and was not angry when lady Hedwiga gave significant hints of things that might be.

In this manner, some months passed over. Flugwild, to whom Distel was

obliged, under the veil of nocturnal darkness, to give in a report of his proceedings, now urged him to declare himself, and sue for Amelia's hand. The honest clerk's conscience, indeed, sometimes gave him a twinge for his assumed noble impudence; but his word of honour, which he had pledged, the nothingness into which he would revert, if it were violated, and above all, his own desire of possessing the lovely girl, blunted the sharpness of these stings, which, in the general pliancy of youth, are not over rigid, and which become inflexible only with age.

He made known his wishes to the unsophisticated tradesman, with no small hesitation; but gained more courage as he proceeded to talk of his Bohemian estates, and his fine peasantry. The old man listened to him, with a nod of his head every now and then, and promised to consult the principal person on this matter.

The principal person had no objections to make; and if she begged for a respite

in order, as she said, to get better acquainted with the baron, this was rather the effect of virgin modesty than distrust. Lady Hedwiga regarded this as very superfluous, and was even of opinion, that it was not befitting to detain the baron too long. The father, on the other hand, entirely accorded with his daughter, especially as he proposed making enquiries respecting his future son-in-law.

It was in the month of May, the usual time of setting out for their beautiful country house on the Elb, when baron Distelberg was informed, that a decisive answer could not be immediately given; but his company would be very acceptable in the country, if it accorded with his inclinations. From this invitation, it was natural to conclude, that the happy decision which was to crown his wishes, was more than half made. He therefore followed her with willingness to her delightful residence.

O what blissful days and weeks did he

pass by Amelia's side!—With increasing confidence, her heart expanded and displayed its beauties in the most attractive forms. He now clearly saw she was no simpleton, and that the conceit about nobility, if it actually clung to her as a sponge plant to a young tree,—was only engendered and nurtured by Lady Faltenwackel. He daily discovered in her new perfections, talents, amiabilities, and what in his eyes lent the highest charm to the whole, was the conviction, which daily increased, that Amelia loved him. Yet, what should have afforded him confidence, now produced timidity. The crust, which levity had collected round his heart, burst in the sun-shine of love, who maintained in him also, his ancient right of ennobling whatever he touched. Distel now repented what he had undertaken, became silent and melancholy, and no longer ventured to express ~~his~~ sentiments.

Amelia noticed the change, but interpreted it after the manner of girls—to her

advantage. She conceived that the baron's uneasiness originated in the delay of the decisive answer, and Lady Hedwiga strengthened her in this belief. She had now sufficiently scrutinized his character, and found him cheerful, obliging, and even-tempered. The latter qualification ranked the highest in her mind, as it respected the matrimonial state: for woe to that man and wife, who resemble the yellow rain-flower (*calendula pluvialis*), which only unfolds its leaves in sun shine, and closes them with the passing of every little cloud! She had put his principles to every sort of test, and often drew declarations from him by surprise, for which he could not possibly have been prepared. In every thing she discovered nobleness of heart, with a tincture of levity. For this foible, love readily found an apology: for she loved him with her whole heart.

They were sitting one evening on a green turf, when Amelia, in a sportive humour, threw a jessamine at her pensive

lover, without exciting more than a sorrowful smile. Behold, a messenger was coming through the garden gate, who brought her a letter from her father. The good old man informed her, that he had with great pleasure received good tidings of baron Distelberg. His correspondent, on whom he could rely, had written to him expressly, that although he was not acquainted with any particulars of the baron's family, yet the Vienna house by whom he had been recommended, was one of the most respectable. In addition to which, the conduct of the young man, during his stay in Hamburgh, was such as fully to corroborate the testimony of the letters which he produced. "Under these circumstances, my dear daughter," added her papa Willmuth, good naturedly, "in God's name follow your own inclinations, whatever they may be."

Amelia's eye glistened with a tear of joy as she read the letter. The gentle agitation of the paper betrayed the tre-

mor of her hand. When she had finished reading, she fixed her eye steadily on her lover, and rising up, as if seized with a sudden resolution, stepped up to him as he lay on the grass; and offering him her hand with mild gravity, said, in a firm yet affecting tone, "Distelberg, you love me, and I return your affection most cordially. My father leaves me my free choice—here is my hand."

Overwhelmed with confusion, the youth sunk down at the feet of this beautiful girl. The heavenly eye moistened with a tear—the throbbing bosom that harmonized with the feelings of the heart—the snow white trembling hand stretched out towards him—and last of all, those cheering words that fell from her sweet lips—intoxicated his senses. He pressed her hand with convulsive affection to his mouth, his eyes, and his heart, and burst into tears; but as he was on the point of throwing his arms around Amelia, who readily met his embrace, he started suddenly back, pushed

her rather rudely from him, sighed, sobbed, and rushed from her presence.—The astonished Amelia looked after him, then turned her anxiously enquiring eyes to Lady Hedwiga. “It is the intoxication of his joy,” said she,—“for a nobleman, to be sure, a little too vehement; but leave him to himself for a while, it will soon subside.”

Amelia shook her head, with painful forebodings. She stole slowly home with downcast eyes. The cloth was laid for supper, and the victuals on the table; but no baron appeared. A servant went to call him; he begged to be excused. Amelia was manifestly agitated, and Lady Hedwiga thought this was not manners—by which she understood, *noble manners*.

Amelia did not touch a morsel, and retired very soon to her chamber; but not to rest. With the rising sun she hastened into the park, and mixed tears of grievous apprehension with the dew of heaven. “What is this?—What can it signify?”

She would ask a hundred times without giving herself an answer. She anxiously waited for the hour of breakfast, which was usually taken in company. She was seated a quarter of an hour earlier than usual in the summer house, at the tea table, and tried to put on a tranquil air at every opening of the door. Lady Hedwiga had also taken her seat by her for some time; had settled her morning cough; was looking after her brown mocca drink, and impatiently straining it again and again through a bag.

"Where can the baron be," cried she, with an air of vexation; "he is never used to be the last. Christian, go and call him."

The servant went. Amelia did not say a word, but her bosom heaved with many a sigh. The command to call the baron had already floated twenty times upon her lips; but was repressed by an inexplicable sentiment of shame. She now expected her whimsical lover every moment. In order not to betray the tumult of her bo-

som, she hastily poured out the tea, spilt half, and was lifting the cup tremblingly to her lips, as she heard the sound of footsteps.

It was only Christian, who rushed in with a letter in his hand, crying out, "The baron is gone, and has left behind him this letter for miss Amelia. Amelia turned pale. Lady Faltenwackel beckoned to the servant to go out. Amelia had not power to break open the letter ; she delivered it to her instructress, with a silent petition for her to read it, which Lady Hedwiga did, as follows.

"I dare not be silent any longer. I have deceived you. Flugwild has used my levity as an instrument of his revenge. I am no baron, I am a poor shoemaker's son."—

Here Lady Hedwiga let the paper drop out of her hand in a half swoon. Amelia, on the contrary, who was pale and lifeless on hearing the first lines, appeared suddenly to find her strength again ; she has-

tily snatched up the latter and read on—
“ A connection with me was designed to render you an object of derision. He represented you to me as a simpleton, and his fraud as a merited chastisement. I, a fool, consented! Instead of a simpleton, I have found an angel! I have loved you, Amelia—I do still love you beyond expression! Do not curse me. I am not a bad man. Alas! I was scarcely conscious that I was beginning a piece of villainy—but I cannot complete it. Do not curse me. I am amply punished: for I love you to distraction. You shall never see me again—never hear another word from the unfortunate Distel.”

The good Faltenwackel lifted up her hands and eyes to heaven, and sat jogging her foot. “ That I shall never survive!” cried she, one time after another. Amelia, on the contrary, appeared quite willing to survive it. Her hand, indeed, had sunk with the letter into her lap, and her eyes were stedfastly fixed on her knee; but

the bosom heaved with less perturbation; and now and then a smile seemed to brighten her pale face. In short, she appeared to have expected a much greater misfortune. But as she sat immovable for half an hour, and lady Hedwiga's "that I shall never survive," did not draw a single syllable from her, the latter at length grew uneasy about the forlorn bride, and tottering forth, hastened for a smelling bottle.

"No, I thank you," cried Amelia, gently putting away the bottle, "I am not ill; but let the horses be put to the light chaise; I must instantly go to town."

All the hows?—whats?—whys? of the anxious governess remained unanswered. Amelia persisted in her resolution, without explaining herself. Whilst they were hastening to execute her commands, she went herself again into Distel's room, where she found, to her astonishment, his servant busied with packing up.

"What, Philip, are you here still?"

"Oh yes, madame," replied the honest fellow, with tears in his eyes; "I have lost a good master."

"Why did you not attend him?"

"He expressly forbid it."

"Where is your master gone?"

"That I do not know."

"Has he taken nothing with him?"

"Nothing at all. I was to take all his things to Mr. Flagwild in town, together with this note, which you may read: for he has not taken the trouble to seal it."

Amelia read, "You would have led me to commit an act of roguery; but you mistook the person. What I have of your's, I send you back. Poorer than when I came to you, I go again into the world. Do not enquire after me, and should any accident bring us together, shun me: for although I despise you, yet anger might get the mastery of me at the sight of you, and I might stamp the name

of Amelia in blood, on your paltry forehead."

With a tear in her eye, she returned the note, "Fulfil your master's command," said she, with good-natured melancholy, and then come back to me. I will try to supply his loss to you."

"Alas! my good dear miss," sighed the man, "he was so good a master!—and if you knew what he suffered this night—and if you had seen how he stole out of the house, more dead than alive, an hour ago—"

"Enough," returned Amelia, and slipped away to conceal her emotion. The carriage was at the door: she threw herself in with Lady Hedwiga, and in less than three hours they reached the town. The old lady had tried more than a hundred times by the way to get a word from Amelia; and thinking her silence arose from despair, she consoled herself with abusing the horrible man who had known how to imitate *noble manners* in so delu-

sive a manner ; concluding with the burden of her song, " That I shall never survive ! " Poor Faltenwackel ! and yet even worse things were in preparation for thee : for no sooner had Amelia jumped out of the carriage, than she threw herself at her father's feet, and cried out with ardent enthusiasm—"

" He loves me in reality : for he could not deceive me. It was *in his power* to possess me. He loves ; he wished to gain me by no fraud ; he had the resolution to resign me ! Now, I love him more than ever—never will I give my hand to another."

Peter Willmuth was a good old man, who had not yet learnt to refuse his dear and only daughter any thing she asked. The conceit of marrying a nobleman, was hers and not his—it was the same, nay, from above mentioned causes, preferable to him, that she should marry a man in his rank of life. Distel had, moreover, pleased him : for the young man had dis-

covered knowledge, which in time, might make him a clever tradesman.

"I do not know, my dear Amelia," said he, very composedly, "why you are kneeling. Tell me, my dear, why do you kneel? Rise and marry him—that is to say, as soon as you can find him."

Amelia jumped up, and hung on his neck.

"A shoemaker's son!" cried Lady Hedwiga, shuddering. "My grandfather was an honest taylor," said Peter Willmuth, going to the counting-house, and leaving the rest to Amelia, who instantly managed matters to her own liking. She sent the faithful Philip after her lover, who, having traced his steps, found him six miles from their country seat, in B—— a garrison town, where he was just going to enlist. He led the bewildered, enraptured fugitive back to Amelia's feet. In a few days, they were the happiest of couples, and so continued for a number of years. Flugwild received an invitation-

card to the wedding, which he tore in pieces with his teeth. Lady Hedwiga was for twenty years a witness to the purest domestic felicity, and sighed every evening.—

That I shall never survive!

THE
PIGEON.

WHILE the flame of war was raging on both sides the Rhine, the Prussian captain Von A. entered a village one evening with his company. The quarter-master fixed on one of the principal farm houses, for the captain's quarters.

The character of the Prussian officers is well known. They are brave in the field, and gentle at home: graceful and refined in polite company, and conciliating among the uncultivated children of nature. They carry on their left side a sword for their enemies, and in their left breast a heart for their friends. This moment they shed their blood for their coun-

try, and the next, their tears for the unfortunate. Of this description was captain Von A.

The captain looked from a distance at the house, and perceived its situation to be pleasant, in the midst of various fruit trees. As he approached nearer, he saw a little boy standing at the door, who first gave him a stare, and then fell to beating a large dog that barked as he approached. The dog licked his little hands, and crouched at his feet, as the lion crouches at the feet of love.

The captain wondered that no one came out to receive him. "My good boy" said he, "are your parents not at home?"

"Yes, sir, (was the answer) my father and mother are both at home."

They entered the yard, and saw a handsome young peasant, standing behind the well and drying his eyes, who appeared confused, and anxious to conceal that he had been weeping. With half feigned, and

half real cordiality, he now went forward to receive his guest. They proceeded together into the parlour, where a pretty young woman was sitting, whose eyes were still red and humid. She rose, and hastily wiping away her tears, placed the captain a chair, and endeavoured to smile.

Captain. "May I ask the cause of your grief? I see you both in tears."

Peasant. "Oh, no!"

Captain. "Perhaps I am unwelcome."

Peasant. "You are perfectly welcome—if you can put up with what we have, we give it with pleasure."

Captain. "But, perhaps you are poor."

Peasant. "Oh, no! God has blessed us with more than we want."

Here the captain cast his eyes around, and found that every thing evinced the truth of what he said. The shelves were full of bright pewter. The silver spoons lay upon the table, and the great bed was concealed from view by a cotton curtain.

The peasant's meerscham (Turkish clay pipe) was elegantly ornamented with silver, and his wife had a silk handkerchief on; all which indicated ease, and affluence. The cows were lowing in the stall, and the horses neighing in the stable, while the busy work people were running from one to the other.

Captain. "If you are then not oppressed by poverty, why do you weep?"

The captain now resolved to desist from his enquiries, as he perceived they had some secret trouble, which they wished to conceal. He took off his sword, and began to play with three little children, until supper was ready. They grew bold in a short time, climbed about his knees, played with his shoulder knot, and diverted themselves with his spurs.

"Ah, sir?" replied the peasant's wife, "money will not always give contentment:—I would give a great deal of—" Here she stopped to weep.

The peasant's wife brought in the supper, consisting of an omelet, sallad, ham,

and German sausages. The captain drank and ate heartily, the peasant very little, and the farmer's wife nothing. A tear frequently stole into her eye. The peasant at length said, "Come, dear Christal, let us drink a full glass to her memory." The captain, whose curiosity was now raised to the highest pitch, begged in a mild but earnest manner, to be made a sharer in their grief. The peasant's wife apologized for not telling him, from the fear that it would excite his laughter.

"Indeed," said the captain, "I am so interested about you, that I am much more disposed to cry, than to laugh."

"Come then, dear Christal," said the peasant, "since the gentleman will not laugh, we will even tell him the whole story."

The peasant's wife then went to a corner of the room, and bringing a basket covered with a clean cloth, which she lifted up with a trembling hand, and behold—*a dead pigeon!*

The captain, astonished at this circum-

stance, was unable to explain to himself, how so much importance should be attached to the life of a pigeon. "Perhaps, this was the favourite of one of your children, and killed by some accident?"

"Oh, no!" said the peasant, "it died of old age; but my children, you see, are not concerned in it, from their happy manner of playing about."

"We cannot tell," said the wife, sighing, "whether they would have been in the world, but for this pigeon."

The captain was now eager to hear the story of the pigeon, which the farmer begged his wife to relate. The captain seated himself in the window, the peasant's wife drew a chair opposite, and the husband stood by her during the relation, either taking a part, or occasionally nodding, as much as to say, "Yes, that is true:"—She then began her narrative as follows:

"On the opposite side of the Rhine,

lies a village, which was my birth place. My father, who was a rich peasant, died about two years ago. I was his only daughter. When I was little, Fritz was little."

"Fritz—who is Fritz?"

"That is my husband here. When we were both children, we loved each other—and when it was fair time in our village, his parents used to come over to us, and I always saved a piece of the best cake for him; and when it was vintage with them, he used to save the finest bunch of grapes for me. So it went on, until I was confirmed, when our parents had a dispute. My father always kept a large pigeon house, and the pigeons used to go in flights over the Rhine, and eat Fritz's father's corn. At first he spoke to my father about it in a neighbourly friendly manner; but after having repeated this several times, and the grievance still continued, he became angry—my father also became angry. Much ill nature passed

between them, and one day, when our pigeons were gone to feast again upon his corn, he took his gun, and shot in among the thickest of them. He repeated it on the second and third day. My father and I looked after our pigeons, but they were not to be found. I cried very much, for I was very fond of them; and as I went up to the pigeon house, I found two young ones with scarcely any feathers on them, and now without a mother. What will become of them? thought I, and carrying them down into my chamber, laid the poor little things into warm wool, and fed them myself. One died, but the other was healthy, and grew large, and because it was an only one, had no friend but myself. I loved it as well as all the rest put together.

“I was really angry with Fritz’s father, but not with him: for, thought I, Fritz is good, and would not have done it.”

“That was true,” interrupted Fritz, “for I said to my father, that I would ra-

ther never eat white bread again, than that the good Christal should have a moment's pain; but my father laughed, and shot at the pigeons."

"Yes," continued the wife, "he shot, and my father complained of him to the magistrates, and they had a law-suit about it, which cost each of them as much money as would have bought all the pigeons along the banks of the Rhine; but money on either side would have been nothing, had not they become the bitterest enemies. The next fair, Fritz was not allowed to come over to us, and when it was vintage with them, I was obliged to stay at home. That was the first time I observed, that I loved Fritz: for I would not have given a farthing for the whole vintage; it was only for Fritz's sake that I wished to go."

"We, however, contrived to see each other," observed Fritz. "I wish I had as many pistoles, as I have rowed over the stream times. I remember once, when I had not seen Christal for three days, on ac-

count of the ice, I could bear it no longer; but springing into my boat, recommended myself to God, and began to row over. Christal stood on the opposite shore, and made a signal that I should go back; but I thought she made a signal that I should come on. Her father came and dragged her away; so that I was obliged to return disappointed and out of heart, with my rudder broken. I ventured, however, another time; and although Christal scolded me for my rashness, I was glad to see she was not at all displeased with me."

"No," said the wife, "I was not displeased with him, but I would rather not have seen Fritz for a month than that he should have run into such danger. My father, however, discovered that I saw him sometimes; he gave me a slap in the face, and threatened to horse-whip me if ever I cast my eyes on Fritz again; but that was of no use; he came twice a week, and always staid until he got to

see me. I knew I should always see him at church. He used always to sit near the font, and when he stood up with his hat before his eyes to say the Lord's Prayer, I always saw that he cast his eye towards our pew, and gave me a look of love."

"Indeed," said the peasant, "I went to your church only to see you; but I used often to say, that the parson of your village preached better than ours, and that he spoke more to the heart; yet it was your black eyes which spoke most to my heart. I hated your parson on account of his son; you know what I mean, wife."

"How should I do otherwise: The parson's son was a young fop, and was following me every where. He had studied, and could even make verses. He used to compare my eyes to all sorts of stones, and my neck to all sorts of flowers and animals. Give yourself no trouble about me," said I, to him; "but

He never regarded me : for my father was a rich man, and his father was willing that we should become husband and wife. My father was also pleased with him as he was in favour with the prince, and likely to become a great man ; and still more delighted with the idea of my being a parson's wife, and sitting finely dressed in the pew on a Sunday. But fine clothes and the best place at church are all nothing to me, if the heart be not content.

“ The parson's son was a fine gentleman, who went with his hair finely powdered, and looked at me through a glass ; but Fritz's brown hair and his dark and sparkling eyes were far dearer to me. I was obliged to suffer a great deal on account of my stubbornness, as they called it. The old parson used often to advise me to marry his son, in the same scolding tone with which he spoke in the pulpit. My father told me that if I would marry the young parson I should love him afterwards ; but I knew that it would be better

to marry Fritz, and then I should love him both before and after. However, the parson and my father comforted themselves with the thought of my being only a child, and that I should know better when I was older.

“ During all this time Fritz had never said a word to me about love ; but I always saw it in his eyes as clear as the sun at noon. If he looked round sharply, my heart began to beat, and I was forced to cast my eyes down on the ground. If he took hold of my hand, my cheeks would be as hot as a loaf just out of the oven.

“ By this time my pigeon was become quite large, and ate out of my hand and mouth; when I went to walk she would go with me. I thought it was impossible to love her more, but since that I have loved her much more. I one day took a walk to the foot of the mountain, upon which stood the ruins of an old castle which was only inhabited by owls and bats, and the thick round towers by nests of hawks.

“While I was wandering about and thinking on Fritz I forgot my pigeon, who had followed me according to her custom. I began to look about and perceived a frightful hawk hovering over her; in the next instant it disappeared with her behind a hill—I shrieked aloud, trembled, and stood motionless with grief. I began at length to cry and complain against Fritz: for if I had not thought so much of him, I should not have so forgotten my pigeon. All on a sudden he appeared at the top of the hill with my pigeon in his hand, which he shewed me was alive and fluttered.”

Peasant. “It was my custom to go to this old tower, and mount one of the walls, from whence I could see the whole village where Christal, lived and could see her sit knitting at her own door. When I saw her coming I got down, and reached the spot just time enough to save her pigeon, who was not hurt but only very much frightened; and as I heard Christal

crying, I jumped up to the top of the hill, and held the pigeon by its feet that she might see it flutter."

Peasant's Wife. "I leaped and clasped my hands for joy; and when Fritz brought it to me he kissed me for the first time; but he kissed me so often that we again forgot the pigeon; but she was now grown shy, and would not go from my side. We sat down on the grass for at least two hours, and Fritz spoke to me about marriage, and how we should raise a farm for ourselves. It was time to separate before we perceived it. Fritz was melancholy, and wished me to give him the pigeon, that he might have something to keep that belonged to me. I must have loved him very much, for I gave him my pigeon—he pressed it to his heart, and smiling on it, said it was dearer to him than his life."

Peasant. "That she really was. I carried her about in my bosom; she eat from my hand, and slept in my bed."

Wife. “ But as soon as Fritz opened the window she flew out and came back to me. When he came again he tried it once more, and finding that she always returned directly to me, he one day tied a ribbon round her neck, and fastened a letter to it for me. What a pleasure this was to me ! I hugged and kissed the little creature, and would not have taken a whole flock of sheep for her. By degrees we formed a regular communication in this manner. He took it with him whenever he came to meet me, and sent it back the next day at a certain hour. When she came to my room window she pecked with her bill at the glass. I opened it, took off the letter, and then fed her with the corn which was always ready for her when she came.

“ One day the young parson came to visit me ; the weather was very fine, and we took our seats before the door. He chattered much about love, and as the air was sultry, I began to sleep ; but as soon as I heard the clock strike the hour

that my pigeon was to come, I was directly brisk and was going to my chamber, but my young parson would not let me go. I sat upon thorns.

“He told me that he had observed a young peasant sneaking after me, and that he had also observed him giving me sly looks at church. ‘I should be ashamed,’ said he.—Here I grew so angry, that I jumped up, resolving to hear no more: he stood in my way, declaring I should not go; when, behold my pigeon came flying close to me—not having been able to get in at my window, she heard my voice and came and sat upon my shoulder. I was terrified, and hastily pulling the string with the letter off its neck, put it into my pocket; but the parson had seen it. ‘What was that?’ asked he curiously, ‘Nothing,’ said I, angrily; but my red cheeks gave the lie to my words. He then became serious, and looked sharply at me; the more he looked the redder my cheeks grew.—‘Ah! ha!’ continued he, ‘I see how it is.’ ‘What do you see?’

said I; 'that you are more cunning than I thought you; but we shall have this affair looked into.' With these words he went away, giving me at the same time just such a look as a school-master gives to a truant boy, whom he is going to punish. Let the fool think and believe what he likes, thought I. But this wicked man played me a spiteful trick. Fritz was now very unhappy, because my father had threatened me with nothing less than a curse if I would not give him up. He sent me a letter by my pigeon, in which he cursed the young man, complained of the cruelty of my father, and talked of throwing himself into the Rhine.

"The next time that I was to have a letter by my pigeon, I waited hour after hour, and no pigeon came. I grew melancholy. Fritz had never made me wait—why should he now? Has my pigeon met with any harm? That would be bad. Or is Fritz ill? O! that would be worse.

“I recollected having seen the young parson go with his gun through the village. Has the detestable man shot my pigeon? thought I to myself. Oh no, he preaches the word of God, and could not act in so cruel and base a manner. I had heard a gun fired during the time, but I knew that the princess was out on the chace, and always liked to ramble about our country; perhaps Fritz is gone upon the chace too. To-morrow my pigeon will come, if not, I must wait patiently till the next day, then Fritz himself will come. Thus I tried to comfort myself; but it would not do. My father wondered why I eat no bacon-pancake, as I used to be so fond of it; and I myself was rather surprised, when the watchman came his rounds, that I had not been asleep.

“I was standing at our door, talking with our neighbour Greschens, when she cried out, ‘See, see, Christal! what a fine coach comes driving through our village.’ It was finely polished, and drawn

by four white horses. The coachman and footman were finely dressed with silver lace, and as they drove through the village all the people came out to look at them. Grèschens and I staid at the door to see who was sitting in the fine coach ; but when it came up we saw it was empty.

“ The coachman had stopped as if he wanted to ask something, and the people pointed towards us. ‘ What can he want ? ’ said I, and before the words were out of my mouth, the carriage stopped at our door. ‘ Where does farmer Bergfeld live ? ’ ‘ Farmer Bergfeld is my father,’ said I.—‘ What did you want ? ’

“ When the footman heard this, he got down and went directly in to speak to my father. He told him that the princess wished him to send his daughter Christal immediately to her. I was frightened, and my father stared. ‘ Does our princess know you ? ’ said my father. ‘ I do not know,’ said I. We knew not what to

think, and the footman could tell us nothing.

“‘ Well,’ said my father, after having given a dozen hems, ‘ you had better go directly to her highness. She is a very good and pious lady, and no harm can come to you.’ I was by no means so satisfied of that as my father. I asked the servant if I should return in the evening, but he could not tell. I now thought that perhaps she might keep me until the next day. Then Fritz would come, and if he could not find me, how uneasy he would be ; besides which, I should know nothing of my poor little pigeon. What could I do ? I thought that in case of necessity I would tell the princess that I must go, because Fritz was waiting for me.

“ I then washed myself quite clean at the well, went into my chamber, put on my best clothes, and was in the yard in a minute. I was quite ashamed that the fine footman should ride behind, and pressed

him to come into the coach; but he refused it, laughing. We now drove off. Every bush and tree, which I knew so well when I walked, looked now so differently!

“ When I had been about half an hour in the coach, the gentle motion making me quite sleepy, I began to nod, and was frightened enough when we suddenly stopped before a fine castle, where two grenadiers with great whiskers were walking up and down. There was a number of servants running here and there, and a great many cooks with white aprons. I was now to get out and to go up the great steps; and when I got into the castle it sounded like a church. They carried me into a room that was full of men and great ladies, who carried some one thing and some another. In this chamber it smelt just like a spice-box, and the ceiling was painted with such fine paintings of ladies and dogs!

“ When I had waited a little time in

this room I was called up to the princess. As I went in, I was going to make a low curtesy, but I fell my length on the floor, which was as slippery and shining as ice. The princess laughed, but did not want me to see it; for she was a kind-hearted lady.

“‘What is your name, child?’ said she, when I got up.—‘Christal Bergfeld.’ ‘How old are you?’—‘Seventeen.’ ‘I have heard that you are a good girl, and I wish to provide for you.’—I made a curtesy. ‘Would you like to be married?’—I blushed, and said ‘Yes.’ ‘I am glad to hear it,’ said the princess. ‘I will seek out a worthy man for you.’—‘Ah! that would be too much for your highness, and if your highness will let me I can find one for myself.’ ‘You have, perhaps, done that already.’ I stood quite still, and became as red as crimson, for I thought of Fritz; but I did not speak a word, for I thought I must not name Fritz to a great princess. She now began to

say a great deal about her butler : she told me I should live in the city, be dressed in fine silk clothes, and have every thing I wanted. A terror came over me ; I could not speak, but the tears ran down my cheeks.

“ ‘ What is the matter, my good girl,’ said she, with a voice so soft and sweet, that it melted my heart. ‘ Certainly, you must be in love. Come, tell me every thing without fear.’ She had now set me at liberty, and the words ran like a stream from my mouth ; I did not keep back a single thought, and Fritz was my every third word. But to make it short, I told her that with her consent I would not marry any other man as long as I lived. I was much afraid she would be offended, but she was as kind when I had done speaking as when I began. ‘ Only think,’ said she, ‘ if you marry my butler you will have no occasion to concern yourself about any thing ; you will have your cook and your maid, and may sit the

whole day with your hands in your lap ; but if you marry Fritz you must go into the kitchen, and make the fire and the soup yourself, and wash up the dirty things.—‘ Oh,’ said I, ‘ I shall be willing to do all that and much more, if I can but marry Fritz.’ ‘ But do you think you understand what every good wife should know ? Can you cook, bake, wash, and work at your needle ?’—‘ O yes, your highness.’ ‘ You are very certain ; but if I were to try you, you do not know how to kill a fowl or a pigeon.’—‘ O yes, that I can do very well.’ ‘ Well,’ said she, turning to a handsome young gentleman, who stood behind, and had a silver shoulder-knot, ‘ go and fetch a pigeon and a knife for me.’ He laughed waggishly, and went out. ‘ Do not forget,’ said she, ‘ that if you have boasted of more than you can do, you must marry my butler instead of Fritz.’—I smiled, and promised to marry him on the spot if I could not do it ; but I lamented the beautiful floor, which would

‘be spoiled by the blood.’ ‘That is no consequence,’ said she, smiling; and as she spoke the young gentleman came in with the pigeon.—But oh! how frightened was I—it was my pigeon—I knew her at the first look; besides which, it had a little scroll on it with these words—*I am Fritz’s pigeon; kill me not.* I stood stupefied, looking first at the pigeon, then at the princess, and then at the young gentleman, who I saw could hardly help laughing; but the princess was quite grave. ‘Come,’ said she, ‘let us see your skill.’—‘I kill this pigeon!’—and the tears came into my eyes; ‘I would rather your highness should cut off my own little finger.’ I caressed my poor little pigeon, and she caressed me; but I now saw that her wing was lamed, and becoming wild with grief, I forgot who I was, and where I was, and began to scold the barbarous man who I thought had done it. ‘Come,’ said the princess; ‘why all this prattle? Will you kill the pigeon

or not?'—'I would kill a hundred pigeons,' said I, 'but this one I cannot kill.' 'Then,' said she, 'you must marry the butler.'

"I looked sorrowfully at her to see if she were in earnest; but she put on a severe countenance, and commanded me to stay with her ladies of the bed-chamber until she should want me again. I was now to follow the young gentleman, but my poor pigeon was to stay with the princess. As he went with me he told me, that the day before the princess had been upon the hunt, and as she was riding home towards evening, near the Rhine, she suddenly heard a shot at no great distance from her. She looked about, and saw a pigeon fall among her attendants; and as it had a red ribbon round its neck with a letter, she took it into the carriage with her, and read the letter. The person who shot it was now near, and had on a blue coat with black buttons. He ran hastily out of the bush, and seemed very anxious to get the pigeon himself;

but out of respect to the princess, he stood at a distance, with his hat in his hand.

“‘That is the wicked young parson,’ said I, crying. The gentleman now brought me to a room full of fine ladies, who were very kind to me, and set coffee and sweetmeats before me; but I could neither eat nor drink. They told me, indeed, that my pigeon’s lame wing had been bathed with balsam, and that she would not die; but my heart was full of sorrowful thoughts about the butler, and what would become of Fritz if they should force me to marry him. I told them I wished to go home; but they would not let me go. When night came I was put into a beautiful soft bed, but I could not sleep. While the ladies were snoring around me, I prayed heartily; and God forgive me, I sent forth many an ill wish against the parson.

“I was up with the sun, and sat crying at the window. The fine ladies laughed

at me, and told me to take courage ; but where should I get courage without Fritz? I staid there the whole day, and two days besides, and was almost in despair ; but at length the young gentleman came again, and ordered me to go to the princess ; but now, Fritz, you must tell me what happened to you in the mean time."

Peasant. " I rose in the morning joyful and good humoured, never dreaming of what had happened, and began to lave the water out of my boat, that I might go over to Christal. While I was doing it one of the princess's servants came up to me and asked my name. When I told him it was Fritz Heinemann, he commanded me to come directly to the princess, who wanted me. I thought he would make a fool of me, and I paid no regard to him ; but he began to curse and to swear, and scarcely left me time to put on my Sunday coat. Willingly would I have delayed it till the next day, because I thought Christal would expect me, and

I would rather that the princess should wait than Christal, for I had a great deal to say to her, and not a word to the princess. When we came to the castle I was carried into a large beautiful garden. There sat the princess at the top of an alley, on a seat that was painted green; at the bottom of the alley was a round summer-house, which they called a temple. I think I see it all now before me. I went bowing up to the princess, who had a great many ladies and gentlemen round her. 'What is your name,' said she.—'Fritz Heinemann.' 'I am glad of it,' said she, 'you are a fine lad—you are honest and industrious. I will give you a good woman for your wife.'—'Ah!' said I, 'I have already found one who is very good.' 'Indeed,' said the princess, 'but my butler's daughter is very handsome, and has money.'—'The one I have has also money, and is very handsome. I would run through the fire for her.' 'Will you tell me who this is that you have

chosen ?—‘ Christal Bergfeld, an’t please your highness, and I cannot marry any one else.’ ‘ Indeed, but will she also marry you ?—‘ O yes, if her father would let her.’ ‘ You must try to serve her.’—‘ I love her, and she thinks that service enough.’ ‘ Yes, for Christal, but not for her father. What, if I undertake to court for you ?—I made a bow.—‘ But I shall not do it gratis ; you must serve three years as a soldier.’—‘ Oh ! why not, I am not two-and-twenty, and Christal not seventeen.’ They all laughed like so many fools, when I said this in the most sorrowful tone.

“ ‘ Then you will become a soldier, Fritz Heinemann ?’ continued the princess, ‘ but pray can you shoot ?—‘ O yes, that is no great art.’ ‘ But can you shoot at a mark ?—‘ Yes, if the thing I am to shoot at be not too far off.’ ‘ Will you promise to shoot a pigeon at the distance of twenty steps.’—‘ O yes.’ ‘ Well, we shall see ; but remember, if you do not shoot it Christal is not to be your wife.’—

‘That I agree to — only bring the pigeon.’

“The princess nodded to two servants, who went directly out, and in a short time came back again, one with a gun and the other with a pigeon, which he set upon a bush twenty steps from me. I threw down my hat, and levelled my gun; as I was looking at the pigeon to take my aim—My heavens! it looked like our pigeon. I flew to it like lightning. It was as I thought; round her neck was a piece of ribbon with the words—*Shoot me not, I am Christal's pigeon*, written on it.

“‘Merciful heavens!’ cried I, ‘where do you come from, poor little pigeon?’ ‘That can make no difference to you,’ cried the princess, ‘only shoot.’—‘No—I would rather have the eyes shot out of my head.’ ‘But have you not promised?’—‘Yes, but I did not know it was Christal's pigeon! You must know that this poor pigeon would not have been alive, but would have been starved to death before

it was fledged, if Christal had not fed it with her own hands ; for this pigeon's mother was shot, with many more, by my father, for eating his corn ; and my father and Christal's father had a great law-suit about it, and became great enemies ; and as they would not let her and me see each other, then this pigeon used faithfully to carry my letters to her, and the good God knows I would rather give the finest sheep in our flock if I dare only take it away with me.' I said all I could, but in vain ; the princess was angry, and sent me to the guardhouse. There I staid three days. They let me want indeed for nothing, for I dined every day with the officer ; but I was become as thin as a herring ; for I was all day and all night thinking about what it could mean, and what Christal would think. At length they told me the princess wished to speak with me once more : but now, Christal, it is your turn to tell."

Wife. " The young gentleman who

fetches me, took me directly to the place in the garden, which Fritz has told you about. There sat the princess with her whole court about her. I was put on one side, but she did not speak a word to me. I had not stood long before Fritz came in from the other side; and when we saw each other we gave a loud shriek, and should have flown into each other's arms had not respect for her highness kept us back. All the ladies and gentlemen held handkerchiefs and fans to their faces. I saw that they laughed, but I could not think at what; but the princess remained quite serious, and looked as if she were displeased. A footman brought our pigeon. She took it into her lap, called me to her, and asked me, 'Will you kill this pigeon or not?'—'Indeed I cannot,' said I, while the tears ran down my cheeks; 'my hands would tremble, and my heart would break.' 'Then,' said she, 'I give you my butler for a husband;' as she said this she shewed me a little

bandy-legged man, who stood near me and made me a very kind bow.

“‘ Dear sir,’ said I, ‘ do not marry me, for I love Fritz, and I foretel that no good can come of it.’

“‘ There is still a way left,’ said the princess, turning to Fritz; who, during this time had torn a large piece out of his hat, ‘ if the young man will keep his promise of serving three years as a soldier, and shooting this pigeon directly to prove to us that he can shoot at a mark.’—‘ That he will not,’ said I hastily, ‘ I am sure he will not do it.’ ‘ Just as he pleases,’ said the princess; ‘ if he will not do it, his wife stands near him.’ Fritz was frightened, turned round, and saw a great hideous looking woman, who attempted to smile lovingly upon him, but only looked the more frightful. ‘ Fritz,’ said the princess, ‘ what will you do? Whom will you marry?’—‘ What is the use of your highness’s asking? I will marry Christal.’ ‘ Then take your gun.’—Fritz looked

mournfully at me, and knew not what to do."

Peasant. "I thought, after all, a pigeon was only a pigeon; and that it was better for a pigeon to die than that we should never be married. 'So,' said Christal, 'you could really kill our poor pigeon?' I thought if I had only two glasses of brandy I could have done it.—But Christal reminded me of the many letters the pigeon had carried, and of my having saved it from the hawk, and that she had allowed me the first kiss for it, and that she had fed it with her own hand to save its life; in short, she made me so faint-hearted, that I told her highness she must do with me what she would, for that once for all I could not kill the pigeon. The princess appeared very angry, and said, 'We had to thank ourselves for our misfortune.'

"As she said this she set the pigeon on the ground, and it began to run along the alley, straight to a little house which stood

at a distance. The princess then ordered us to follow her. We obeyed, and as we went we were grievously mortified at the laughing which we heard sometimes behind us. We went sorrowfully on until we at length came to a door which opened as we came near. Good gracious, what did we see—the young parson in full dress behind an altar, with the clerk near him ! We could neither of us speak a word for surprise. I was not at all in a humour for laughing, and yet I could not help it, when I looked at the antics of the parson. ‘ Our sovereign princess,’ said he at last, (his lips trembled, and the end of his nose turned yellow,) ‘ our sovereign princess has graciously commanded me to unite the first pair who should enter this room.’ We did not give him time to say it twice; in five minutes we were man and wife; and besides that, the young parson was obliged to wish us joy.

“ As we came back Christal’s father and my father met us; and as they were now

good friends again, embraced us tenderly. There I stood and cried, and Christal stood and cried also. The princess made us many handsome presents, on account of the uneasiness she had caused us; but nothing pleased us so much as the returning our pigeon, which we kept and fed with care and tenderness until the very day when it died of old age."

Here the good people ended their story, which had afforded Captain Von A. so many pleasing emotions. His sympathetic soul found sensible relief in such a tender diversion from the tumult and miseries of war. He retired to rest, and fell into a sound and gentle sleep, with the reflection that he was under the same roof with Nature's innocent and uncontaminated children. He passed the next day with them, and attended the faithful pigeon to the grave which Fritz had made for her under a rose-tree.

Taking leave of his good host and hos-

tess in the evening, he pursued his course, reflecting on the incidents in the story, and on the grave which must terminate the terrestrial pleasures and pains of men as well as pigeons.

THE
SACRED ENTHUSIAST.

(A Scene taken from the great World.)

THE old baron, Von Felo, lived retired in the country—consequently he lived contented and happy. His blooming daughter lived also in the same retirement—consequently she was innocent and good. He superintended the fields and gardens—she the domestic concerns. He was employed in the chase, while she was occupied in reading good books. No—I mistake; she read romances; and romances are not always good books.

Even the best of them transport the reader, by a species of enchantment, into another world, converting the house he inhabits into a fairy castle, and his garden into an elysium.

Although Louisa had seen no man, except the clergyman who was her lecturer, and the clerk, who was bandy-legged; yet she was well aware that others existed who would not lecture her, and had legs that were straight. She had formed one for herself out of Tom Jones and Werter, who was beautiful as the morning, warm as high noon, tender as the evening, secret and silent as the night. This creature of her youthful imagination, she fixed upon for her lover, and soon after for her husband, whose obsequious politeness was to be ever anticipating her wishes—a sure proof that she had not read the book on matrimony.

There lived in the neighbourhood, a rich nobleman, who was about fifty years of age, and had a son twenty years youn-

ger than his father. The young baron Thurn was just returned from visiting the different courts of Europe, with a mind uncorrupted by the vices of the great world. He remained uncontaminated, as the oil which floats upon the surface of water, however boisterous. His prince would have hung by his side the chamberlain's key; but he chose rather to return home, in the persuasion, that without it he could open and enjoy the rich stores of nature.

This time his hopes of happiness were realized, as they were not founded upon man, but upon his own heart. He read and wrote, hunted, and played upon his flute—was cheerful and happy.

One day, as he was reclining on the declivity of a hill, overlooking a corn-field, where the reapers were at work; he saw at a distance a fine slender girl, dressed in white, with locks of chesnut waving under a straw hat. The young baron lay with his eyes directed towards

her, and wishing that a gust of wind would blow off her hat, that he might have an opportunity of seeing her eyes, which, from her brown hair, he imagined must be beautiful; and beautiful eyes were by no means indifferent to him.

An old woman now happened to wound her foot with the sickle, and the blood gushing out in streams, she fell in a fainting fit to the ground. The slender maiden flew to her relief, washed the wound, and binding it with a handkerchief, led her to the nearest cottage. The young baron leaned his body towards the left, and holding his hand above his eyes, looked after her, till the door of the cottage concealed the very skirts of her white dress.

He now first discovered that his heart beat, and his eyes flowed. He sprang up, and running to the reapers, inquired "What young lady is that who was standing here just, now assisting the old woman."

"The Baron's daughter," answered an old labourer, taking off his cap.

"Keep your cap on, old man."

"I always take off my cap when I speak of Mademoiselle Louisa, she is so kind and good."

The baron continued his questions, and the old man grew loquacious in the praise of his mistress, with whom the former was now more than *half* in love.

Early one morning, a well-mounted knight stopped at her door. She was yet in an undress. He alighted, asked for her father, kissed her hand, and said very little, though he meant to say very much. He gazed often at her beautiful eyes: for, to his misfortune, no straw hat now concealed their soft refulgence. He took leave, and rode home *wholly* in love.

He rode about the whole day, wondering that the way was so long, and towards evening observed that he had unconsciously ridden three times round his castle; whence, it was clear, he had a deeper

wound in his heart, than the peasant woman had in her foot.

Another morning he rode the shortest way to Louisa, and took also the shortest way to mitigate his pain, by asking the baron, "Will you give me your beautiful daughter?" The rich baron, finding him all he wanted, replied "Yes." The lovely daughter said "Yes," because he had a form and face which pleased her. A week after the young people said "Yes" before the priest, and a few weeks after that, set out for the capital to spend the winter.

Louisa found her husband not exactly like the airy image she had carried about with her from her fourteenth year. He was a man of business, neither enthusiastic nor addicted to endearments; yet he loved her sincerely.

"In order to make my wife happy, (said he to himself) I must begin by being her friend, and win her confidence. When a man inspires fear, he will be surely deceived, as usual. I must not play the

lover, for lovers are never sincere. A worthy husband should be obliging, attentive, tender, not oppressive, never passionate, nor suspicious."

Such was the strain of his soliloquy; and the following was the tenor of hers:

"I am young and beautiful, and my husband loves me not. He has gained me too easily, and that makes him cold. If I have company, he leaves me alone. If I ride out, he makes no objection. When I return home, he receives me with kindness, but never once asks me where I have been. I will put his love to the test. I will make him jealous.—O men! in order to please you, we must torment you. If we are tender, constant, and attentive, we are neglected. A uniform fortune fatigues you. Without opposition you feel no enjoyment. Petulance, coquetry, and inconstancy, are the spices with which your corrupt palates require every pleasure to be seasoned. Well! be it so, my good baron—I am sincerely yours; but I will

make you doubt it. I will see, whether it be not possible to rouse you from that insupportable tranquillity, which causes an eternal spring to bloom on your countenance."

It was no sooner said than done.—Louisa plunged into a sea of dissipation. She played the coquet—badly indeed—yet she did play it. She gave to all her actions an air of mystery. She paid and received visits without her husband.

"It is evident, (said the baron) that my wife is like all other women—a marriage of four months fatigues her. Let me observe her conduct. If I let her know the extent of my affection, I shall become ridiculous. I must dissemble, and be silent. If softness and tenderness do not always win hearts, complaints and reproaches never will. He was silent; and banishing every appearance of distrust, redoubled his attention and kindness."

Louisa became impatient—"Gracious Heaven!" cried she, "whatever I do will

not make this man love me. He always sleeps composedly; eats and drinks well, and is indifferent to every thing. Shall I spend my life with a man like a marble statue, who can neither love nor hate?—No!—love and hymen are enemies—liberty is the mother of love!—My husband is a worthy man—that I allow; but when a worthy man is irksome, what is to be done?”

Thus had romancing poisoned this young heart, and the contagious air of a court completed what was begun. Louisa became peevish, petulant, and reproachful to her husband; to her friends, cold and indifferent.

“She does not love me, (exclaimed the young baron with anguish) and if I continue to torment her with my attentions, she will finally hate me—Louisa hate!—O God!”

“Madam, (said he to her one evening) we do not live happily together.”

Louisa. “So it appears.”

Baron. "I do not ask why?—the heart seldom knows reasons."

Louisa (bitterly). "Excellent."

Baron. "You gave me your hand, without knowing me—that was in part my fault."

Louisa. "Very generous."

Baron. "I will therefore punish myself. I will banish myself from your presence. Do you inhabit your apartment, and I mine. We will see each other but seldom."

Louisa (with suppressed tears). "As you please."

Baron. "I have confidence in you. I require nothing but what your character, situation, and your own heart require of you."

Louisa. "Just as I expected, sir."

Baron. "You have, from this moment, your own table, servants, and equipage."

Louisa. "I thank you."

Baron. "Farewell."

He said these words with stifled anguish.

As he opened the door, he turned round, and looked at her once more. Upon Louisa's cheek glowed love and pride. Love urged her to speak, pride withheld her tongue. She was silent. The baron left her, shut himself up in his chamber, and wept.

Over his couch hung a painting of his wife, in her white dress and straw hat, as when he first saw her. To this picture he confided all his sorrows; to it he complained of all he suffered.

Louisa availed herself of her liberty. She collected a splendid court around her; gave balls, suppers, and every thing which the high *ton* required. In a short time she had an endless circle of fashionable acquaintances, who forced themselves upon her notice. Nor were admirers wanting, for she was beautiful, and seventeen. A hundred butterflies fluttered round the rose, which was, however, protected by the thorns of innocence.

Among the number, appeared Count Lali, the most powerful prop of the court. No one dared to oppose him. The ladies, therefore, spared themselves the unnecessary trouble of making the attempt. He was handsome, well formed, and graceful. He spoke little, but to the purpose. Modest pride sat enthroned upon his brow. He had an opinion upon every subject, which he pronounced in a few words, but in a gentle, unassuming tone. With the highest opinion of himself, he combined the politest attentions to others. Thus he found himself the oracle of every company, without knowing precisely how. No new clothes, no colour for a carriage was made choice of, without the aid of his taste. "That is pretty, that is handsome—were valuable words from his mouth. Whatever he passed over in silence, was irrevocably condemned. His approbation stamped beauty, talent, wit, and genius. The ladies whom he honour-

ed with his attentions, were, from that moment, the reigning toasts, and every rival instantly withdrew.

Poor Louisa! enough, and more than enough for a young wife, who was dissatisfied with her husband. She admired his person, but still more his modesty. He entered her parties with an air of the greatest deference, and took the lowest seat. All eyes were immediately fixed on him, and followed him wherever he went. His clothes formed a picture of perfect taste. The young gentlemen surrounded him, and studied his dress attentively. Lace, embroidery, sword-knot, and all the little minutiae were strictly examined, and the names of the different trades-people taken down.

“Charmingly beautiful, and elegant,” was the general exclamation; “he only can boast of having such an assemblage of striking colours.”

“Industry (returned Lak, with modesty)

is risen so high, that little trouble is required for taste to get employment."

The whole company thought he had said something very profound. He thought so too, and took a pinch of snuff. His box excited new surprize. It was bought of a young tradesman, whom Lali wished to bring forward. Every one longed to know the price. He smiled: for he did not know it himself.

They whispered to the lady who kept an account of his expences, while he, turning to Louisa, said, in a low voice,

"Dear madam, I am ashamed that such trifles should occupy that attention, which ought alone to concentrate in an object far more interesting. I must hear remarks, and give answers; but I would wish only to see. Never has my complaisance cost me more than at this present instant, but I hope you will allow me, in a more tranquil moment, to prove myself guiltless."

“ A man like count Lali (replied Louisa, blushing) is always welcome. The blush and tender smile with which Louisa gave permission, and the respectful bow with which Lali received it, led the observing company to conclude, that the intrigue was as good as settled. Louisa, who thought there was no harm in a whisper and assignation, was not once aware that the ladies gave significant shrugs and looks, and that the gentlemen indulged their jokes at her expence. The count withdrew, and Louisa became absent. The company turned the conversation on him, and Louisa was confused. Both his rivals and Louisa spoke in his praise. Out of twenty ladies, whose favour he possessed, no one had ever complained of him. Louisa said not a word. “ Twenty ladies ! (repeated she to herself) that is a great number. But what wonder, he seeks to captivate one who is herself capable of a constant passion.”

The morning came, she expected him, and was uneasy ; and as he did not appear—petulant ; she received a note from him, and her petulance vanished. “ He was in despair at being obliged to lose the most precious moment of his life ; overburthened and surrounded, he could not escape ; but so it was with all persons in his condition : but he entreated permission to see her the next morning early,” &c. &c.

The evening came—Louisa received her company coolly—they observed it, and instantly divined the cause.

“ Count Lali will not be here to day, (said the baroness) as he dines at the countess B’s little country house.”

“ The faithless man (said Louisa, turning pale.) I will never see him again.”

“ But why not, (thought she) malice or jealousy may have dictated this piece of intelligence. And what can I gain by so hasty a measure ? I must hear before I condemn him.”

The morning came ; Louisa sat at the toilet ; Lali entered like the prettiest rogue in the world. Louisa was terrified, that a man, whom she scarcely knew, should be entering in a careless undress. Had he left her time, she would have been angry ; but he said so many fine things about the freshness of her colour, and her beautiful hair, that she had not the courage to speak.

The little country seat of the countess came again into her mind ; but she thought it would not be proper to reproach him, lest an appearance of jealousy should betray her. She therefore contented herself with asking, where he had spent his evening ?”

“ Where? (repeated the count) I hardly know myself. O ! how fatiguing is the great world—how happy are those who forget all—and are forgotten by all, to live alone for themselves and love !

“ Believe me, dear madam, if rest and

tranquillity are agreeable to you, withdraw from this whirlpool which surrounds you. What avails all the admirers with which you are surrounded? each flatters himself with making a conquest—but perhaps your choice is already fixed.”

The unrestrained freedom of Lali had not alarmed Louisa; but the last question struck her dumb. Lali perceived it.

“I was perhaps too bold,” continued he.

“By no means, (said Louisa, softened) I have no secrets. The attentions of the young gentlemen please me; but I have not seen one among them worthy of a serious thought.”

Lali saw the aim of her remark, and spoke with gentleness of his rivals.

“Mr. Von D. for example, would be amiable, but he has little knowledge; it is a pity he says so many pretty things which he does not understand; had he but a little mother’s wit, we might easily

dispense with his want of knowledge. Mr. Von D. is not stupid; but if a lady of the world would take the trouble to extinguish the fire of youth, she might make something of him. Major L. is a man of sensibility, and I believe, if I had been a lady, his simplicity would have pleased me; but he is a prey to the snare of every coquet. The chamberlain F. is an elegant fop; give him but a refusal five or six times, you are astonished at his modesty. However, these gentlemen you altogether disclaim—of course you are free—what use then do you make of your freedom?"

Louisa. "I wish to enjoy it."

Count. "Poh! we enjoy our liberty only at the moment we are about to resign it. You are young and beautiful: if your heart be not already engaged, hasten to engage it—but the choice of an object is truly important. You are beloved by every body—which is natural. Do not lose the

favourable moment, which is now. Choose a lover who can be likewise your friend and adviser—a man of the world, who is capable of warning you against dangers.”

Louisa (smiling sarcastically). “A man like yourself, for example.”

Count. “Certainly, yes—with me you would have no occasion to complain, and were I not so beset, should know how to disengage myself.”

Louisa. “Oh! Pray do not—that will cost you too great a sacrifice, and create me too many enemies.”

Count (coldly). “Sacrifice, dear madam, by no means. To leave what is of little value, and embrace what we ardently wish, is of no importance, if we have reason and courage to live to ourselves.”

Louisa. “Persons of my age are timid; and the despair of a countess B. would alone be sufficient to make me tremble.”

Count (without being in the least disconcerted). “Countess B?—The coun-

ness B. is a good reasonable woman, and by no means likely to despair. I perceive that some one has been busy. Now I will tell you my business with the countess B. That she might not be forgotten by the great world, she requested me to pay her some attentions. Politeness forbade me to refuse. In order to give more splendour to our rendezvous, she purchased a little country box. I represented it to her that it was not worth the trouble, as I could not engage for longer than a month. Without my knowledge or consent, the house was very handsomely fitted up, and the principal thing was, I was obliged to promise to sup there as a matter of secrecy. I went yesterday evening, which was the appointed time. In order to weave the mysterious web still closer, she invited only five or six of her female friends, and I was allowed to take only half a dozen of mine. I went—amused myself gloriously—was gallant, tender, bold—in short, I

let the company go away, and followed myself half an hour after. That was, I believe, all that the situation required. The countess appeared transported, and is now secure of a splendid circle round her for a year. I confess to you, that I cannot yet forsake these ladies, without the apprehension of bringing on myself their severe reproaches. Conclude, then, from this, how I must be entangled. The fame of a lady is as dear to me as my own—nay, more. I sacrifice my own vanity to it with pleasure. The greatest misfortune for a lady of fashion, is, to be forsaken. I therefore never do this; but endeavour to act in such a manner, that they may forsake me. I then appear inconsolable, shut myself up for three days in my chamber, to save myself from a rupture. You see, beautiful Louisa, that all men are not so bad as they are represented, and that there is still principle and good manners among us."

Louisa here heard neither Tom Jones nor Werter speak. She fell from the castle which she had built in the clouds, rather hastily to the earth.

“How, sir, (said she) do you call that principle and good manners?”

Count. “Certainly. We find it, however, but very seldom; and the preferable situation in which I stand is no recommendation for our young people. Upon my honour, the more I think of it, the more I wish it, for your advantage.”

Louisa (jestingly). “You would spare my reputation, and when weary of me, would grant me the honour of the rupture.”

Count. “You joke; but when I tell you that you are worthy of a man who knows how to value your heart and your intellect—that is no joke. Your husband is a truly good man, but he is insensible to your charms. It is also certain, that a woman not content with a degree of affection, thinks she can never be sufficiently amiable to her husband. Happily,

the baron is a reasonable man, who puts no restraint upon you—a courtesy you would little deserve, if you lose the most precious time of your life in useless dissipation."

Louisa. "We think differently. My choice, should I ever make another, would only appear to me pardonable, when I could meet with a true and durable affection."

Count. "How! Louisa—constancy at your age? Really if I could believe that, I should be almost ready to commit a folly."

Louisa. "What would that be?"

Count. "To love in real earnest."

Louisa (in jest). "Could you have the courage?"

Count. "I tell you I am really afraid of it."

Louisa. "The most surprising declaration of love in the world."

Count. "It is silly, that I know; but you must pardon it, it is the first time."

Louisa. "The first?"

Count. "Yes. Hitherto, dear Louisa, I have ever found the ladies anticipating; but I now perceive that I grow old."

Louisa (smiling). "Well, count, I pardon you, because you are so seldom in the mind."

Count. "I seriously presume to love you, and presume to hope you will love me in return."

Louisa. "Hold! hold! we are not yet so far advanced. Time must prove whether you deserve it."

Count. "How? in earnest? look at me."

Louisa. "I do look at you."

Count. "And you do not laugh?"

Louisa. "At what?"

Count. "At your droll answer. Do you think I am a child?"

Louisa. "I think my answer was very reasonable."

Count. "Have you granted me a tête-à-tête for the purpose of making syllogisms?"

Louisa. "I did not know that we must have witnesses, whenever we speak

reasonably. Neither do I know that you ought to complain of my conduct. I confess that you unite an interesting form to grace and spirit."

Count. "Very good."

Louisa. "But that is not enough to gain my confidence and fix my regard."

Count (laughing). "Not yet enough? What more do you require?"

Louisa. "A deep knowledge of your character, and a full conviction of your love. I promise nothing, refuse nothing. You may hope every thing, and expect nothing—if that will content you."

Count. "To deserve your affection, charming Louisa, certainly no sacrifice is too great; but could you in earnest desire, that I should renounce every thing for the sake of an uncertain futurity?—You know—without boasting, I say it—I am every where sought after. Is it fancy?—it is all the same—enough, that so it is. I am always the standard of taste;

but I am weary of being the puppet of fashion. Long have I sought an object to fix me. When I have found it, I would willingly forget that love has wings, could I once but be certain, that I was not sighing in vain. You require—reflection? I give you four and twenty hours—and hope you will be contented, since I never yet gave to any lady so long a time.”

Louisa. “I see plainly, that my tediousness and your impatience, will never suit each other. I am young and have feelings; but will never suffer them to lead me into indiscretion. Nothing but time, intercourse, and regard—the tests of a true affection, can determine my choice.”

Count. “But, my dear lady, do you in reality believe, that an amiable man can find nothing better to do, than to spin, miles long, the thread of an intrigue—and would you be so long enquiring,

‘ shall I love or not ’—until the beautiful days of your spring are passed ?”

Louisa. “ I know not whether I shall ever love, nor how much time I shall require for this purpose; but this time can never be lost, if it save repentance.”

Count. “ Dear Louisa, I am really astonished at you; but I have not the honour of belonging to the old knights of the round table; and I certainly did not come here so early to draw with you the plan of a romance.”

Having said this, he made a polite bow, and retired. Louisa remained petrified. “ This is the man,” thought she, “ whom the whole world calls amiable. He did me the honour of thinking me agreeable, and when he thought me constant, would have been guilty of the folly of seriously loving me, but he found it impossible to wait for my decision. I must resolve in four and twenty hours. That is more than he has granted to any one. O ye

women of the great world ! To what a low state do you degrade yourselves. Rejoice Louisa, that thou hast formed one such an acquaintance. The greatest humiliation to which a woman can submit, is to love a man of the high *ton*, a man of gallantry."

The same evening, the gay world was assembled as usual, at Louisa's, after the opera. The chamberlain F. approached her with a mysterious air, and whispered in her ear, that "neither the major nor count Lali would come that evening."

"So much the better," said Louisa, "I lay no restraint on my friends. There are persons, whose importunities are burdensome to me."

Chamberlain. "If Lali belonged to this number, you are delivered from him for a long time."

Louisa. "Probably his pride is offended."

Chamberlain. "O no ! his pride is in-

accessible, but not he himself ; of which he has from major E. a sanguinary proof."

Louisa. "Major E. how so?"

Chamberlain. "Do not alarm yourself. Every thing has gone off in the most orderly manner."

Louisa. "My God! What has happened?"

Chamberlain. "You know the major, he is a passionate man ; and count Lali, with all his modesty, gives himself certain airs which do not please every one. We were standing together after the opera, and hearing him pass his judgment here and there as usual, praising and blaming discreetly—for that must be allowed him."

Louisa. "To the point, sir."

Chamberlain. "Well then, to the point. He asked whether we should sup with the little baroness this evening. (Pardon me, he never calls you any thing

else). We answered, Yes. 'I shall not go there,' said he. 'We are now resolved to frown on each other.' 'Why? why?' was our universal question. He then related to us, that you had granted him a private interview—that he had disappointed you—that you had taken it ill, but that he had this morning made reparation—that you played, however, the child—wanted time for reflection, and what not besides—that your eternal *ifs* and *buts* had at last fatigued him, and that he might have—what—how shall I call it?"

Louisa. "Sit down, sir."

Chamberlain. "Gracious heavens! How could this expression escape my lips—He related farther. You would have entered into a serious engagement with him, and indicated your inclination to something of the kind; but every thing considered, he really had not time. He had reconnoitred the fortress, (pardon me, madam,

it was his own expression,) and believed it would stand a regular siege ; but he was only fitted for taking it by storm—he should therefore leave you to one of us. ‘ Virtue,’ added he, ‘ is her hobby-horse, sentiment her weak side—if I would take the trouble of playing the sentimentalist, the siege would be my own.’ ”

Upon Louisa’s cheek were depicted, shame and resentment.

“ It was certain,” continued the chamberlain, “ that he only boasted, and wisely sought to avoid all farther discussion ; but major E. fired at his insinuations, bluntly told him ‘ that he lied,’ upon which they went out.”

Louisa (disturbed). “ Well sir, and then—”

Chamberlain. “ Well, dear madam, and then I followed them. The major received a thrust in the side.”

Louisa. “ And the count?”

Chamberlain. “ He received two, which

will confine him long enough in bed. I conducted him to his carriage. 'You see,' said he, 'how it is with young people—they will never be advised. It is a pity that the major is so hot; he would otherwise be a really amiable man. Farewell, my friend,' added he, 'never endanger yourself for a woman, for there is not one among them, who would sacrifice the least of her charms for the man who loves her.' "

Louisa's emotion was extreme. She complained of the head-ache, and every one knows, that the head-ache is always a polite intimation for the company to depart. The hint was understood, and Louisa left alone. She threw herself upon her sofa, her eyes swam in tears, her heart was torn by various emotions.

Major E. is wounded, and Lali perhaps dead. This duel will become the town talk. What will your husband say when he hears of it? As these reflections passed

through her soul, it was cheered by the image of the major, whose generosity made so deep an impression on her heart.

In the mean time, every thing went better than could have been expected. The chamberlain, on his return, found a note from the major, threatening to break his neck, if he ever uttered a word on the subject—a mean the most effectual for silencing the young chamberlain. Lali was also silent on the affair, rather from mortification than good will.

The major soon recovered, and again appeared in Louisa's circle. She saw him for the first time, with a softer emotion than she had ever before felt. She had learnt from the goodness of her heart, that she should be grateful for a generous action ; and from the novels she had read, she was instructed, that she must love the man who had risked his life for her, and that she must certainly be dear to him.

otherwise he would not have ventured so much for her sake. Benefits always enchain the giver more than the receiver. What wonder, then, that the major loved Louisa in the most ardent manner: but the more he felt his claims on her gratitude, the less he thought of discovering them—fearing to lose the merit of his noble action, if he grounded the slightest pretension upon it. He approached Louisa with silent modesty, by which he happened to take the direct road to her heart.

She was also silent, because she feared to overstep the bounds of modesty, in expressing her gratitude; but she wished, notwithstanding, to shew that she was fully sensible of his kindness. They involuntarily cast their eyes towards each other. They watched each other's steps, even while they thought they were successfully concealing their feelings; but by degrees, the major gained resolution, and

Louisa lost her timidity. Both were well apprised of the state of each other's hearts, and wanted nothing but the slightest accident, to force the confession from their lips.

As they were one day alone, Louisa dropped her handkerchief, which he instantly picked up. She received it with a sweet smile—he kissed her hand with warmth. She made a slight motion to withdraw it, but he continued to press it, looking tenderly in her face. Her cheek glowed—his eye became humid—her hand trembled—his did the same. A sigh escaped her—he concealed his face in her bosom.

"I am happy," exclaimed he, in an ecstasy, "Louisa loves me!"

"Yes, I love you," stammered Louisa, "but never forget the sacred tie which binds my honour."

The woman who is to any extent virtuous, can silence by her firmness, the sensuality of a man. The major was not a

libertine ; but had he been one, Louisa's innocence, which was discoverable even in this ambiguous moment, would have subdued him. He felt himself for a long time happy, in the profession of a truly virtuous heart.

" He has never loved," said the major, " who is not made happy, by barely knowing that he is beloved in return. He has never loved, who would bring remorse upon the innocent object of his affection."

Louisa was enraptured at these sentiments of her hero. She loved him every day more, because she thought him every day more worthy, until envy and malice, those scourges of man, crept in, and destroyed their happiness. The major had a great propensity to jealousy, which is common to all who have strong passions. Every moment some *good friend* came, and with a malicious smile, whispered in his ear, first this, and then that, concerning Lou-

isa, and her ambiguous looks ; scoffing at her virtue and her thoughtlessness. At length they succeeded in fanning into a flame the latent sparks of suspicion, which were lurking in his bosom.

It is with jealousy as with spirits—those who are unconscious of them, are ever secure. The major became discomposed, gloomy, tenacious : company grew burdensome to him, and yet he could not bear solitude : when Louisa was chearful, he was petulant, and bitter when she was serious. She now began to feel every day, more and more sensibly, that the path of illicit affection in which she trod, was not so perfectly covered with flowers as she had imagined. Every day brought her some new reproaches or complaints, from her ardent lover. He thought he saw a rival in every man who appeared in her circle, who must therefore be banished, in order to appease his apprehensions. The first sacrifice he asked, was willingly made.

New demands on his part, called for new sacrifices on hers. Nothing however extinguishes the flame of love sooner than the oppressive air of eternal suspicion. She became weary of being his slave, and gave him plain indications of her sentiments; upon which his imperious love was converted into rage. Louisa endeavoured to soften him, but in vain. He insisted on her secluding herself from every one. She must be dead to the rest of the world, and live to him alone.

“The sacrifices which would flatter love, (said Louisa, gently,) can only be made in the shade of secrecy. Dazzling sacrifices are only gratifying to selfishness; love will have the victory, selfishness the triumph. I begin to fear you, perhaps to esteem you less—my love will be soon extinguished; be my friend if you can—I will continue yours—that is the only means for us both to preserve our tranquillity.”

"Now, (exclaimed the major,) I know thee! now I know thy perfidy! Thou hast never loved me. A Lali is only worthy to possess thy heart, and I was a much greater fool for having risked my life for a——"

"Say no more, (interrupted Louisa,) I know how much I am indebted to you, and will now leave you, that you may be spared the mortification of reproaching me."

With these words she left him to vent his rage in solitude, resolving never to see him again.

Louisa was again surrounded by a host of admirers, but found not among them the original which her heated imagination led her to seek. Here a fop chattered to her upon trifles, and there a boaster entertained her with tales of his victories in duels, &c.; here a splendid fool, who sought to dazzle her with diamonds, and there a self-created philosopher, who en-

tertained her with tediously analyzing his sensations.

Louisa now sunk into that melancholy which so easily takes possession of a heart wounded by disappointment, after having vainly sought for sympathy.

“ Ah ! (sighed Louisa) how wretched am I ! and why ? What can I do to relieve myself ? Oh how I now repent of having read so many novels, which deluded me with fictions ! Filled as my head was with romantic notions, I found my husband cold and insensible ; but, alas ! he is more amiable than any I have hitherto seen. He loves me but little—yet he does love me. He is no enthusiast, but he is always kind and obliging. Tranquillity, not violent passions, can produce happiness. Have I lost every claim to this happiness ? Do I yet retain any part of the friendship, confidence, and regard of my husband ? Perhaps I may—I have not been governed by vicious inclinations. I have been led

astray by too violent feelings, and an erroneous judgment. But will he hear, will he believe me?"

"Fly to him, Louisa—why dost thou delay? What holds thee back? The dread of humiliation? He continued good and generous during all thy follies—will he forsake thee, when thou returnest full of repentance? Thou canst not fail by this step, of regaining what thou hast lost, and reconciling thyself again to him. We can never say all is lost, if we retain our own regard."

Thus had a few sparks of virtue dispersed the mist which had clouded her reason. She resolved to throw herself at the feet of her husband. With a palpitating heart she reached his apartment—her hand was already on the lock of the door, when false shame held her back. She heard a noise, and flew again to her chamber. She made two efforts more to go, and twice more returned. Perhaps

he was not alone: her heart again sunk: she heard the baron's door shut; she listened anxiously;—he went through his apartment, and as he passed, he asked, “How is my wife?”

“She is well,” answered the servant.

Louisa was grieved that he should think so. She now heard his foot upon the stairs, and hastened to the window to look after him. The travelling carriage stood before the door; the baron entered it and drove off.

“My God, the travelling carriage!” exclaimed Louisa, ringing the bell. The servant entered.

“Is my lord gone into the country?”

“He is gone to spend a few days in the country.”

“Ah, (sighed Louisa,) why am I not with him!”

She shut herself up in her chamber, and was at home to no one. She wrote at least ten letters to the baron, and destroyed every

one of them. A restless tenderness carried her to the chamber of her husband. She wished to pass her hours in solitude where he had passed his. She would sit upon his chair and play with his dog. As she entered, the first thing which struck her eyes was her own picture, in her straw hat and white dress! She stood some time before it, considering it with anguish. He had not banished her image. A ray of comfort now entered her soul, with the thought that he would not perhaps banish her from his society.

The countenance of the picture smiled cheerfully—that of the original swam in in tears. “Thou oughtest not to laugh,” said Louisa, and immediately a singular resolution took possession of her mind.

She rang for Paul, an old and faithful servant of the baron’s, and ordered him to take the picture down and carry it to her chamber.

“Dear lady, (said Paul,) this painting

is my master's only comfort—how many hours have I seen him stand before it! and why should I conceal it—how many times have I surprised him weeping:—rob him not of this last joy!”

The baroness sobbed aloud. “Do as I bid you, (said she,) I will restore the picture to its place before your master comes home.” Paul obeyed sighing. The baroness sent for a painter, who was desired to alter it according to her directions. In two days the picture was again in its place, and on the third the baron returned.

When he entered his apartment, he sought as usual the image of his wife; he started with surprise as he approached, and could scarcely believe his eyes! The straw hat was gone; the brown hair hung in disorder; instead of the smiles, stood a tear on the pale cheek. “Is it—can it be possible! Yes, I understand thee, dear Louisa,—thou art again mine—thou hast

seen thy errors, and repentest—thou art again mine !”

With these words he flew to the apartment of the baroness—she sat anxiously waiting for him. What the pencil of the painter had imitated, he here saw in reality :—The disordered hair—the pale cheek—the tearful eye. When she heard the steps of the baron she arose to meet him, and would have fallen on the ground, had not his arms received her.

“ Louisa, have I understood thee ?” She sobbed on his bosom, and attempted speak, but he sealed her lips with kisses.

Happy moment ! The commencement of many happy years ! In a few days they left the city, and passed their lives in peace, love, and tranquillity, in the country.

END OF VOL. I.

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